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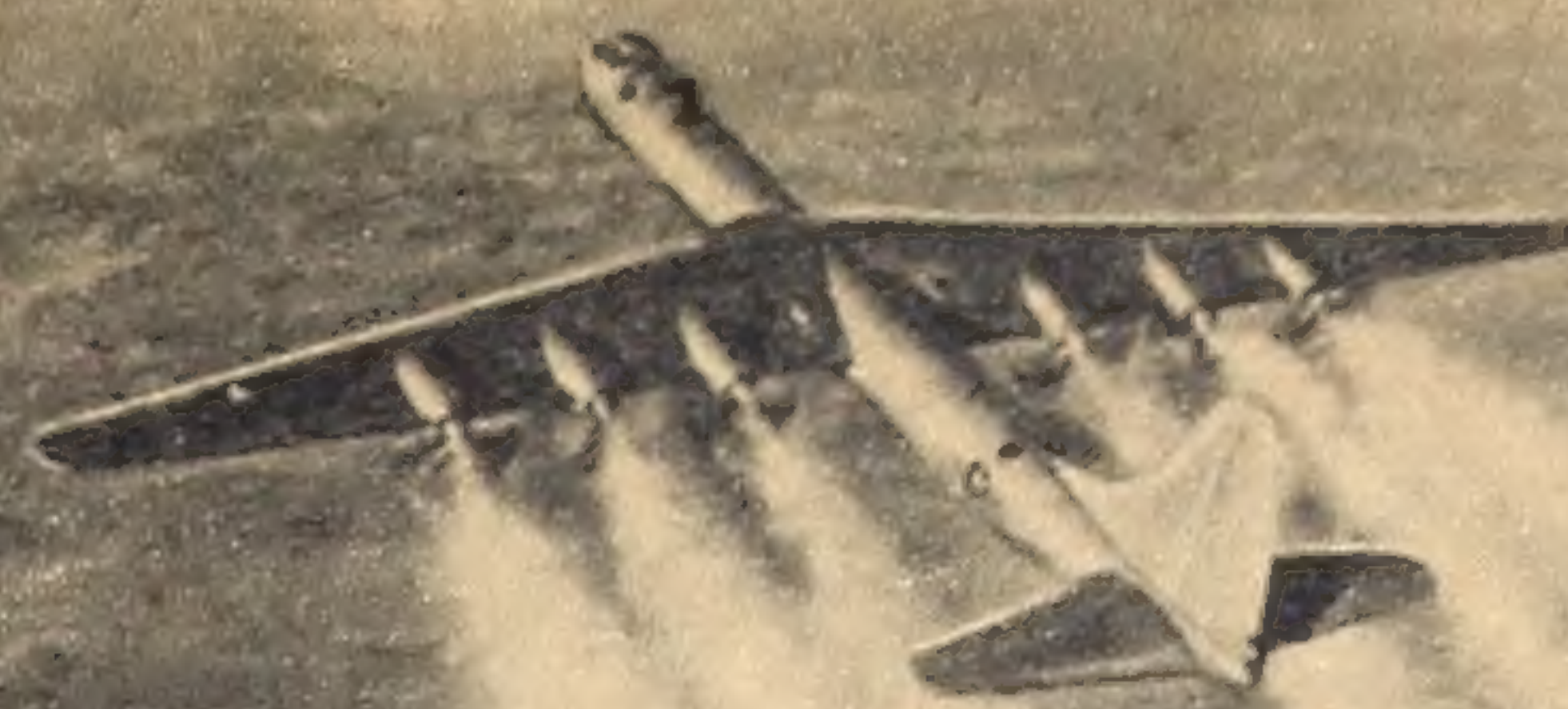
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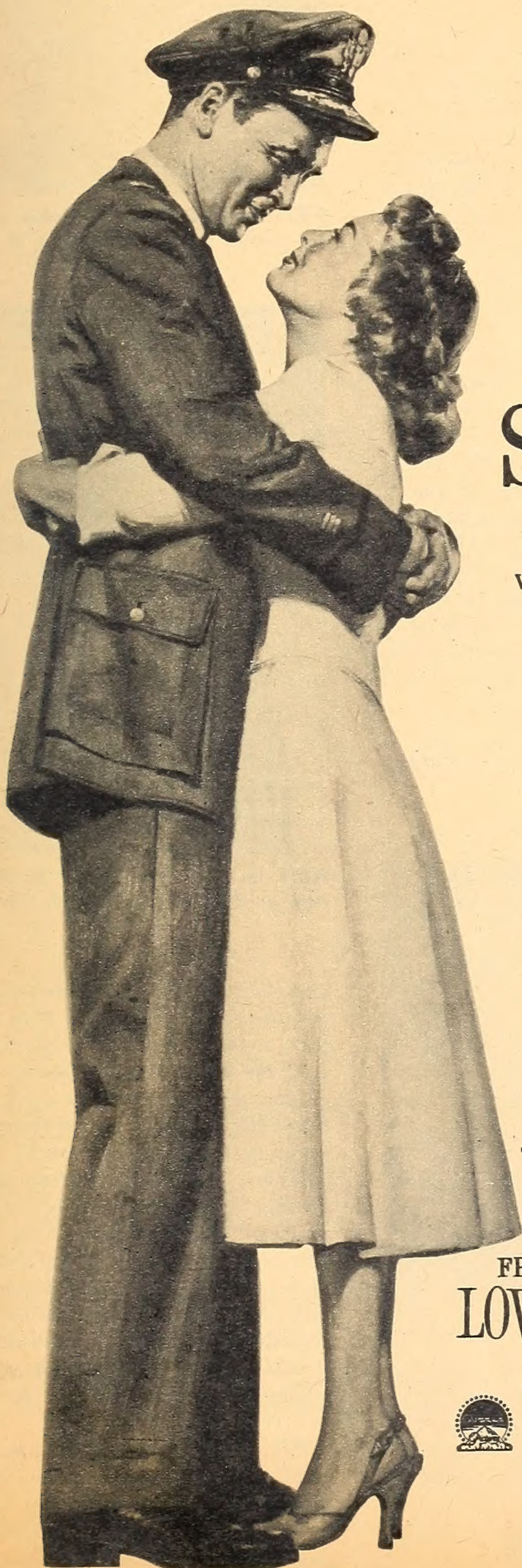
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who guard our skies and the women who wait
and wonder and sometimes weep!

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ANTHONY MANN · Screenplay by VALENTINE DAVIES
and BEIRNE LAY, Jr. · Story by Beirne Lay, Jr.
A Paramount Picture



HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

STILL JUNE—Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher had to change the date of their wedding again! Just after they announced it would be June 17, the anniversary of their first date together last year, Eddie had a wonderful offer to appear for several weeks at the Palladium in London. With that time out, he couldn't work ahead far enough to film all his TV shows before June 17. So now the wedding is set for the end of June. "But still June," insists Debbie. Meantime she, accompanied by her mother, went to London to enjoy Eddie's triumph there. But despite that trip, she and Eddie still plan a two-month honeymoon in Europe this Summer. Before leaving she told us her matron of honor will be her sister-in-law, Joyce Reynolds, and her bridesmaids will be Lori Nelson, Peggy King, and an old friend from her Burbank high school days, Jeanette Johnson.

LORI'S DATES—Debbie's close friend, Lori Nelson, who gave one of the first bridal showers for the future Mrs. Fisher, admitted she was very happy to be busy

making "The Jagged Edge" because her two favorite dates, Tab Hunter and Bob Francis, were both out of town. Tab was in Europe on vacation, Bob on an extended p.a. tour with "The Long Gray Line." Lori won't say which of the handsome lads is ahead in the romantic race. But in her dressing room where there used to be only a picture of Tab, there is now also a photograph of Bob.

THEY DID—Dan Dailey and Gwen O'Connor who went to Las Vegas for a surprise wedding ceremony, are adding two more bedrooms and another bath to Dan's small bachelor house in Northridge so there will be plenty of room for Donna, Gwen's daughter by her previous marriage to Donald O'Connor, and Dan III, Dailey's son who visits his dad periodically. Donna will spend most of her time with the Daileys. While all the rebuilding is going on, they're living in Gwen's house in Van Nuys, which they plan to sell after they move to the ranch.

DATA ON DATES—Mary Murphy

QUICK Nevada divorce was obtained by Betty Hutton so she and Alan Livingston could wed.



FERNANDO LAMAS takes Arlene Dahl for a whirl on the dance floor at Romanoff's.



NOT in love again, insists Joan Crawford, here on date with old friend, Cesar Romero.

and Dale Robertson definitely plan to wed, but there are legal snarls with Dale's ex-wife to be untangled, so it doesn't look as if the wedding will be soon. . . . George Nader and Martha Hyer each date with other gals and guys but all their important dates in the last few months have been together. . . . Rita Moreno and Oreste Kirkop "discovered" each other while making "The Vagabond King" and had lots of dates. But Rita also did the night club circuit with Marlon Brando! However, Rita insists she and Brando are "old friends" and their dates did not indicate romance. . . . Rock Hudson continues to squire no one but Phyllis Gates.

TEN HAPPY YEARS—Bob Cummings knows "How To Be Very, Very Popular." (That's a plug for his current pic, of course.) Just after the film started his wife Mary presented him with their

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Behind these
masks lies an
excitement
the screen has
seldom captured
...passions, emotions,
fierce human hungers
that probe deep
into the very heart
of life itself!

stands alone!
first as a book...
now as a
motion picture!



Olivia
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Robert
MITCHUM



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SINATRA



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All the Fun of Life is in it!..

STEP OUT
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his loveliest
entertainment
date!

It's all
enchantment...
and pure delight...
because "Lili's"
in love with
Daddy Long Legs...
all the way from Paris
to the Waldorf.

Oh Daddy! What Songs!
SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE • DREAM
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co-starring **Terry Moore · Thelma Ritter** WITH FRED CLARK
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All the Joy of Love is in it!...

It's the whole world dancing to the music in your heart!

Fred Astaire Leslie Caron

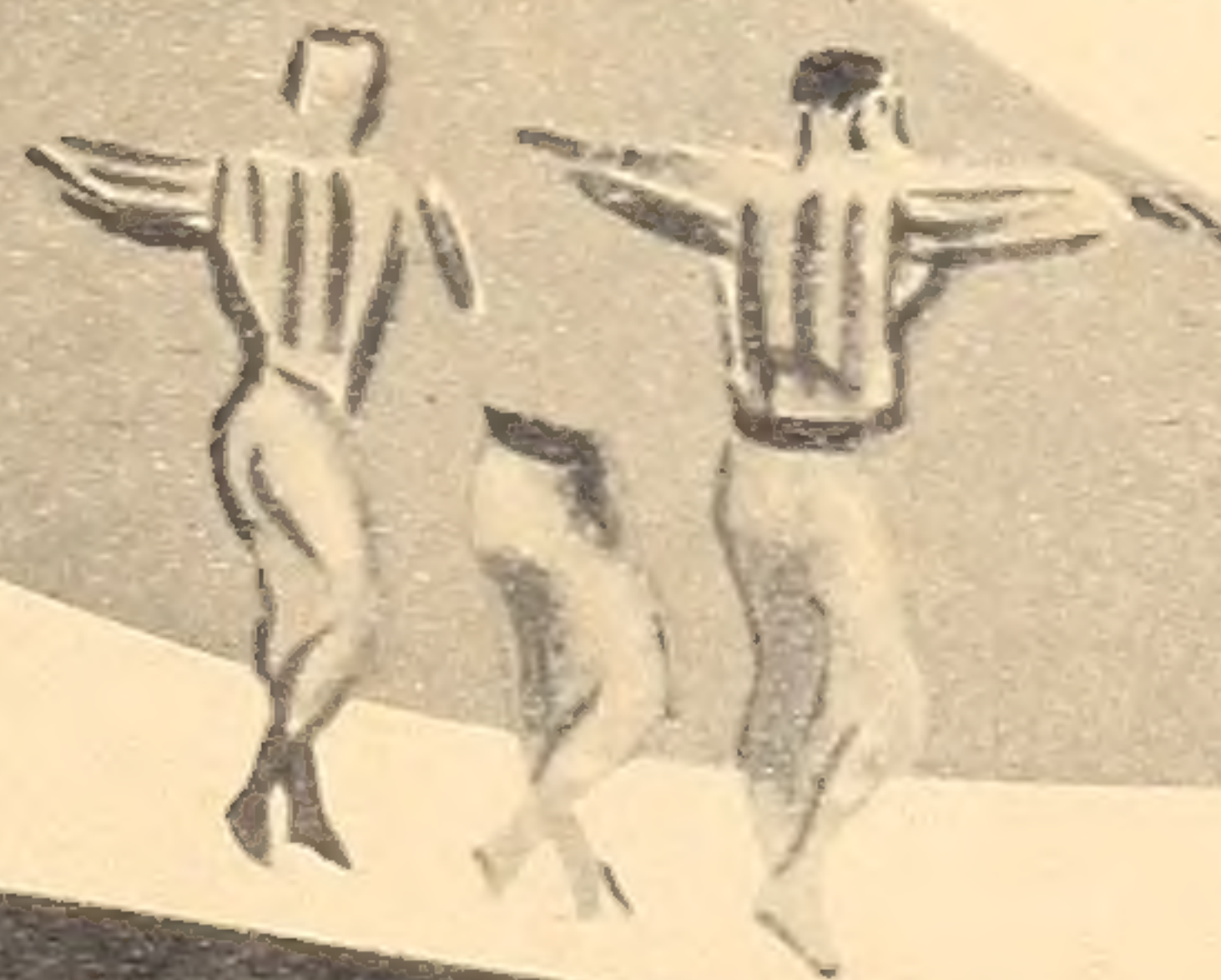
Starring in
20th CENTURY-FOX'S

Daddy
Long Legs

America's best-loved story becomes its most enchanting musical in

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PRODUCED BY Samuel G. Engel • DIRECTED BY Jean Negulesco • SCREEN PLAY BY Phoebe and Henry Ephron
FROM THE NOVEL BY JEAN WEBSTER • BALLETS BY ROLAND PETIT

Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 6

fourth child, Laurel Anne, and Bob and Mary also celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary. So he gave her *ten* presents. Because that's the "tin" anniversary, all the presents were in part metal, but only one was actually tin—a pie plate from the 5 and 10, as a gag! The others included a metal and glass dining set, an electric gate to lock the children in the yard, an elaborate shampoo chair, jewelry and a new Buick!

ELOPERS—Julie Adams and Ray Danton didn't wait for the date they had announced for their wedding. Instead, they eloped to Santa Barbara. And the reason they advanced the date was practical, but a laugh. Julie was about to be ousted from her apartment and didn't want to move twice! Her lease expired and she had hoped to stay on for an added two months, but the owner wanted to move in. So instead of moving into temporary quarters, she and Ray decided to wed then! Fortunately, they found an apartment just to their liking, and quickly. It has three bedrooms, two baths—plus a pool. Because they hope to buy a house in the not-too-distant future, they're furnishing the living room only temporarily with modern rattan and wrought iron pieces which eventually they'll use in the patio of a house. Watch for Ray to get a big, big buildup at U-I now; he's merely great in "The Looters." Julie and Ray met and started dating while making this picture.

MAYBE?—Barbara Rush's friends say there is still a chance that she and Jeff Hunter may get back together again, but

Jeff's friends don't think so. You guess.

BUSY BABIES—Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer made sure their baby son, Miguel Jose, was started in "the business there's no business like" at a tender age by having him make his debut with them on Ed Murrow's "Person To Person."

CHANGING PARTNERS—No sooner was recording executive Alan Livingston legally free than Betty Hutton hied herself to Las Vegas for a quick Nevada divorce so she and Alan could marry without further delay. Betty had received a California decree from Charles O'Curran last year, but it wouldn't be final until July and Betty didn't want to wait that long. Meanwhile, Charlie has been whipping up a night club act for Patti Page—and also dating her. . . . Ray Anthony, bandleader turned actor, went to Mexico to divorce Dee Keating, once vocalist with his band. Ray has been dating Mamie Van Doren exclusively, but Mamie denies any plans for marrying Ray. "I'm too wrapped up in my career right now," she said, but also admitted she's "very fond" of Ray.

SHOCKER—You could have knocked us over with one of Edward G. Robinson's chewed-up cigars when his wife Gladys sued him for divorce after 28 years of marriage! She asked for half of their community property which she valued at \$3,500,000. Crime—the cinema variety—certainly has paid off for Eddie!

ANOTHER SURPRISE—Even their close friends were amazed when Anne

Francis announced she'd start divorce proceedings against Bam Price. Bam says he "loves Anne so much he'll do anything to make her happy"—even including agreeing to the divorce. But he's hoping for a reconciliation. Career conflict can be blamed for this split-up.

ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY—William Holden's 14th anniversary present to wife Brenda will be a long trip through the Orient and Europe this Autumn. They'll take the children out of school six months to make the trip with them, because of its educational value, but will also take a tutor along, too. Among other countries which they will visit will be the Philippines, where Brenda was born.

ALL'S WELL—Confounding the "experts" who keep predicting marital troubles, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh go merrily along. And now each has a new hobby, not unusual in their household. Janet has started designing clothes which you'll be able to buy in your favorite store soon; they'll be tagged "The Janet Leigh Line for Natlynn" and she'll design eight dresses five times a year—quite an assignment. And Tony has taken up the bongo drums! Janet says this doesn't bother her a bit, even when she's concentrating on her designing.

MR. AND MRS. NOTES—Doris Day and Marty Melcher will hire a car and take a leisurely tour of Europe this Summer. . . . Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea will have a long vacation in Hawaii. . . . Rory and Lita Calhoun are remodeling and refurbishing the house and other buildings on their Ojai ranch and Rory's doing a lot of the work himself. . . . Pilar Palette, who once was an airline hostess, is urging

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IN rare form, James Mason and wife Pamela have themselves a time at a Hollywood soiree.



PICTURE of devotion are Van and Evie Johnson during gay evening at the Mocambo.



VACATION in Hawaii is the Summer plan of Virginia Mayo and hubby Mike O'Shea.



THEY date others, but Martha Hyer and George Nader are happiest when together.



PLEASED by turnout for him in hometown, Kirk Douglas and Anne Buydens celebrate.



Jane's got Jeff

...living every
passionate page
of Anya Seton's
Best Seller!



Universal-International presents
JANE RUSSELL
JEFF CHANDLER
FOX FIRE
 COLOR BY *Technicolor*
 CO-STARRING
DAN DURYEA

WITH MARA CORDAY • BARTON MACLANE • FRIEDA INESCORT
 Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG



GREG chatting with Katy Jurado
at Foreign Correspondents' party.

THE PRIVATE REVOLT OF GREGORY PECK!

Greg, the wanderer who finally returned home, is quietly, but insistently, declaring his independence

By BILL TUSHER

IN HOLLYWOOD, as in other targets for the caprices of fate, the portents of a gathering storm are frequently laughed away and not called back to memory until after the disaster, once ridiculed as unimaginable, has struck.

It scarcely seems ten years ago that a tinseltown beauty sidled over to Gregory Peck at a Hollywood party, draped her predatory arm around his manly shoulders, and with an audacity common to the breed, whispered in his ear, "Darling, I'm going to be alone tonight. How about you?"

Gregory Peck's fatal charm for errant females, then as now, was no secret. The self-control he was famous for exercising found no echo in the prowling women of the cocktail set who for more than a decade fixed him with acquisitive glances, and often accompanied their adoring appraisals with brazen propositions that fell on deaf, often amused, ears.

When blonde, almost imperturbable Greta Peck recalled the incident to which she had been a gaping eye-witness, she confessed, "I was so darn mad, I thought I'd hit her. But I shouldn't get mad; I should remember that a movie star isn't supposed to have a wife. It isn't tactful."

A movie star isn't supposed to have a wife. It isn't tactful!

Greta had dusted off the fleeting threat to the man of her heart with wit and sophistication. Only time, the great unmasker, was to reveal that her riposte also had the gift of prophecy.

The fact is that today, tall Lincolnesque Gregory Peck, the movie star in question, no longer has a wife, and from the evidence Greta Peck poured into the record in a Santa Monica divorce court, it was broadly suggested



QUARTET of glamorous personalities features Greg, Marlon Brando, Maureen O'Hara and hostess Marguerite Piazza (left) at her soiree.

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LANKY, serious boy is hard to recognize in the world's romantic idol. On the way up Greg was a truck driver, barker and tour guide.

In the hard-working young man and devoted husband-father, few

that the restrictions of marriage indeed were not tactful.

Throughout the three years of their growing estrangement, there were recurrent signs that the dark-haired movie idol was growing restive under the restraints of marriage. Whether with reason or not, his name was linked repeatedly in the gossip marts with other women. And while he did not dignify most of these reports with denials, his silence gave license to new and more captivating rumors.

Today his affections have been transferred from a devoted wife and mother three years his senior to a gamin-like Gallic doll 17 years his junior. And between the time he tired of Greta and the time he became enamored of the lovely Veronique Passani, a 22-year-old French-newspaperwoman, there were rumored to have been numerous other dalliances during Peck's two years of itinerant movie-making away from the American mainland—and away from his wife.

Greg's name was paired with Audrey Hepburn before she

married his friend, Mel Ferrer. The matchmakers coupled him with Hildegard Neff when he made a film with her in Germany, and a romance was rumored with pert British actress Jane Griffiths.

However, more than six years ago, long before Greg became a globe-trotting movie idol, he established what was to become a pattern when he went AWOL from home for two days.

But as the surprising denouement to the romance of the aspiring young actor and the Broadway hairdresser ultimately unfolded, it developed that Greg himself proved something of a prophet in his pre-breakup statements to Greta that "we would be better friends if we weren't married."

Greta well may be doing an artful job of masking her heartbreak, but from all appearances they now *are* better friends. When Greg visits the palatial Pacific Palisades home which went to Greta in the fabulous settlement he made upon her, all is sweetness and light—albeit not romance.



EARLY contentment of Greg and Greta's marriage dissolved into friction. Love of their sons (Jonathan, below) staved off divorce at first.

saw signs of the coming storm

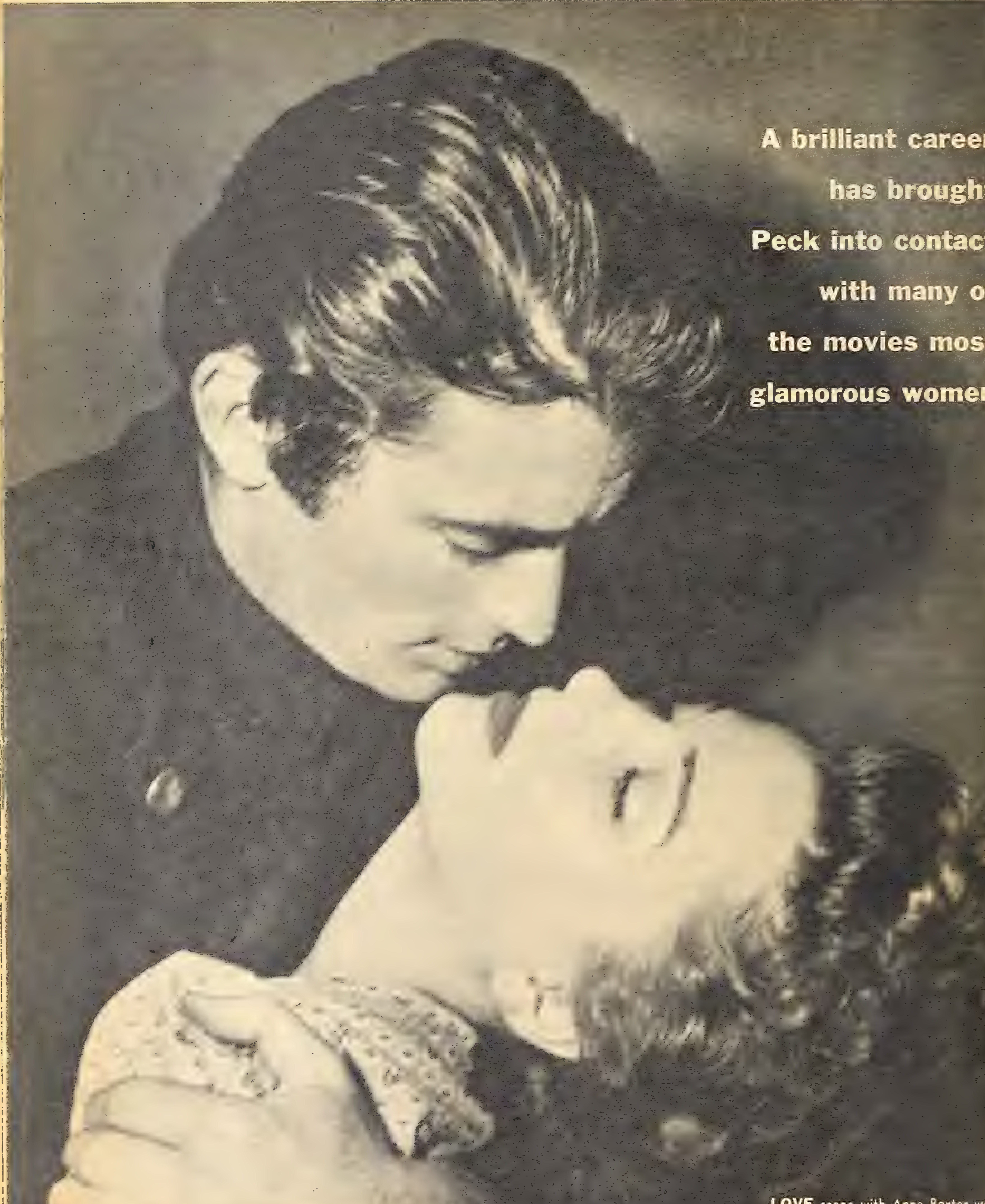
To be sure, the main reason for those visits—which he made virtually every spare moment when he returned from Europe—was to be with his three sons, Jonathan, 10; Stephen, 8 and Carey, 5. Greg is a proud and loving father. No matter what other dream castles have crumbled for Greg and Greta, their devotion to their children is undiminished. Both were genuinely scrupulous throughout their difficult period of adjustment to avoid the slightest act that would jeopardize the emotional welfare or the security of the boys.

As a matter of fact, it is Peck's profound concern for his children rather than his professed jealousy of his privacy that would seem to explain his unyielding refusal to discuss with anyone his personal affairs.

Although Greta did not regale the public with lurid details of any triangle, the impassive Finnish beauty was not content to seek her freedom on general grounds of incompatibility. In addition to portraying Greg as a mysteriously absentee hus-



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**A brilliant career
has brought
Peck into contact
with many of
the movies most
glamorous women**

LOVE scene with Anne Baxter was
feature of Western, "Yellow Sky."



AVA Gardner attended an award presentation with Greg after "The Snows Of Kilimanjaro." Such appearances are part of his job.

band, she cited several instances that certainly were not calculated to fit his noble head for a halo.

She seemed particularly put upon as she related Greg's alleged reaction when she rented a five-bedroom home near Paris.

"It had central heating and two fireplaces," she testified, "but he belittled my efforts by calling it a miserable cold-barn, and he stayed away from home."

Interestingly enough, it was in Paris, too—from whence hails the lovely Veronique Passani—where Greg was accused of another affront that pointed up the mounting hopelessness of their marriage. She told of the time she and Greg had been invited to spend the evening at the home of their friends, Dr. and Mrs. Jack Voskamp.

"We went there together and stayed an hour or so," Greta related, "and he decided to leave. He got his coat and hat and was going down the stairs. I followed him and asked if he wanted me to go along, and he said it really didn't make any difference. I went back and I stayed the night. I saw him the next afternoon."

Two days after Greta paraded Greg's offenses across the courtroom, a strange thing happened. His lawyers entered a categorical denial of Greta's charges of cruelty. But Greg did not undertake to disprove any of her contentions specifically, nor did he act to contest her divorce action, pointing out in his brief that he was anxious to facilitate a speedy trial. That one short-lived protest was the only luxury of justification Greg allowed himself.

GREG'S amours before and since the divorce have been largely subjects of groping, uninformed speculation—either because he didn't have as many amours as commonly supposed, or because he was too much of a gentleman to flout them, and too clever and discreet a gentleman to be caught indulging the continental pleasures that supposedly were providing him with diversion.

But, either out of guile or as an honest by-product of standards he refuses to compromise, Greg *has* kept Hollywood guessing. And the more Hollywood guesses, the more it romanticizes. And the more it romanticizes, the more mysterious and glamorous does the Peck legend get.

The one time Hollywood thought it had the goods on Greg romantically was when he was persistently linked with Audrey



TRIO of charming co-stars were Ingrid Bergman, with whom he made "Spellbound"; Joan Bennett, on location for "The Macomber Affair"; and Jane Wyman, at a CBS Screen Guild reading of "The Yearling."

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Hepburn during and after the shooting of "Roman Holiday" in Rome. The fact that Greta had taken a villa with Greg on the outskirts of Rome, only shortly thereafter to bundle up the children and leave, did nothing to discourage this.

Peck himself called the reports of a romance with Audrey ridiculous. But he startled reporters when he told them:

"Certainly I love her, but not like you think. We worked together as a team on that picture and very often dined together. I consider her one of the best friends I have."

Whatever Greg's intention, that kind of talk did not put out the fire. Quite the contrary, it added fuel to it.

Back in Hollywood to make "Sabrina," Audrey, too, pooh-poohed the Peck romance reports.

"Actually," Audrey admitted ingenuously, "you have to be a little bit in love with your leading man and vice versa. If you're going to portray love, you have to feel it. You can't do it any other way. But you don't carry it beyond the set. To be convincing, you have to fall in love a little."

Audrey did little to alleviate the confusion when she showed up as Greta Peck's guest several days after Greta's Independence Day announcement of her separation from Greg.

"Greta is one of my best friends," Audrey said, which was just what Greta said of Audrey when asked about it.

But in retrospect, the capper to Audrey's denial of a romance with Greg came when she told me:

"We made a movie together. Naturally, we're friends. That's all. I had dinner with Greg a couple of times in Paris, as I did with Mel Ferrer, but it meant absolutely nothing. Everybody exaggerated and made it something it was not."

As everyone now knows, they must have been keeping their eyes on the wrong man. Her Paris lunches with Mel Ferrer, as with Greg Peck, may have meant absolutely nothing, but she ended up marrying the guy.

Probably it is mere coincidence, but nevertheless it has not escaped notice that the fetching Veronique Passani bears a striking resemblance in pixie-like manner and appearance to Audrey. She has the same kind of delicate face, the same bright, dancing eyes, and full red lips.

In the case of Veronique, more than any other girl, Greg has given evidence of being committed by his actions. He has taken characteristic pains to draw a curtain of privacy around his relationship with her, but he has been seen with her too often and in too many places to succeed.

Not only was Greg spotted with Veronique in Madrid, but after he finished "Moby Dick" in the Canary Islands, he

ENCHANTING Veronique Passani fanned marriage talk by visiting bearded Greg often during "Moby Dick" filming, met him in New York.



a wider world and new faces



"MOBY DICK": Greg should have a dramatic triumph as the scarred, demon-driven Captain Ahab in Warners' film of Melville's classic novel.

spent his vacation in Paris, ostensibly the better to be at Veronique's side. He was reported to have toured the Paris night spots with her, to have seen her every day, even to have gone to church with her. One report went so far as to assert that Greg was considering embracing Veronique's faith.

Greg's enchantment with Veronique was so firmly established that her failure to arrive with him upon his return to Hollywood occasioned outspoken surprise. He told newsmen that no definite plans had been made for Veronique to follow him, but not many weeks passed before she landed at Idlewild Airport in New York, and Greg flew in from Hollywood to meet her.

However, as far as Greg was concerned, Veronique, like his divorce, was his private affair, and a press and public consumed with curiosity would have to fight and speculate for every morsel of information.

He remained virtually incommunicado in Hollywood. His studio did not even have a direct telephone by which to contact him. He had to be smoked out via his agents, MCA. And when he landed in New York to greet Veronique, Greg politely but firmly refused to pose for pictures or talk to reporters.

Throughout this whole intriguing interlude, Greg has been the soul of propriety. Nobody can accuse him of seeking notoriety, but gathering from all the hubbub, it is quite obvious that notoriety, quite possibly in vain, is seeking him. As one stymied Hollywood wit was prompted to remark:

"As I always say, if you're going to commit an indiscretion, the least you can do is be discreet about it."

END



READING on the set, elusive Mr. Peck remains an enigma. Curious world keeps wondering where he's going and what he really wants.

June Allyson

She's No Angel



ABSORBED racing fans mull over placing their \$2 bet. "Richard" has stopped being surprised when Junie's small parties grow into dinners for 100 guests.

**Fragile-looking,
pint-sized Junie can
display enough
spunk on occasion
to knock her halo to
a cockeyed angle**

By REBA and BONNIE CHURCHILL

JUNE ALLYSON is delightfully deceiving. She weighs 95 pounds when dripping wet, yet can speak up loud and clear when she thinks she's being pushed around. She doesn't own a mink coat, but is continually described as one of Hollywood's best-dressed. She has a voice with a built-in gurgle, yet leaves all the party singing to husband Dick Powell. She reads medical books and immediately gets symptoms, yet when Richard recently broke his shoulder while skiing, she hovered over him like a little mother.

June always appears crisp and alert, shiny and well-scrubbed. One look at her fragile stature and men immediately offer her their chairs, women turn apple green at her 19-inch waist, and everyone believes she's a wisp of femininity who needs protection.

Dick Powell agrees with this assumption, but adds, "She's more of an off-beat angel."

He has good reason for such a description. He maintains his bride of 10 years has a sensitive streak that runs parallel with a spunkish disposition which occasionally knocks her halo to a cockeyed angle.

Take the other evening. Dick suggested June phone three couples and invite them to meet a friend who was visiting with them. She did that and more. By the time she called Dick at his RKO office, she asked, "What would you like served for dessert?"

"Dessert?" quizzed Powell. "Who eats that at a cocktail party?"

"But, Richard, we're having a sit-down dinner."

"Well," he shrugged, "an informal little party would be nice."

"Oh, did you want a *little* party?" she replied.

"I wouldn't call three couples exactly a crowd." Then, he noticed that funny little sound in her voice

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GAMUT of emotions in the Powells' delightful menage includes an "eek!" for Dick's trumpet practice and "Oh boy" when food is near.

Life with Junie means delicious complications and Dick adores it

FIRESIDE dinner on a tray, with records playing, is a favorite evening diversion at the Powells—even if Junie spills that coffee.



like a tot's alibi when he's been caught in the cookie jar. "June, how many have you invited?"

"Forty," she answered meekly.

By the time Powell arrived home, their 16-room house looked like the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria. A quick count revealed there were 100 guests present. There was no need for quarreling or scolding, for June just looked up at him with trusting eyes and said, "Isn't this fun?" and he could feel his arguments being carefully wound around her finger.

In most matters, Richard, as she always calls him, is boss. When it comes to redecorating the first floor of their canyon home, he has the final word.

There is good reason, too. As June admits, "I'd lived in apartments and hotels most of my life, so running a two-story house was something new and challenging."

In their honeymoon home, June was rather timid about selecting wall paper, fabrics for the furniture and the like. Finally, the decorator, after consulting at great length with Dick, asked, "Doesn't Mrs. Powell have any preferences?"

She got that determined lift to her chin and plunged. "Yes, that paper there," she pointed to a yellow and brown design. "I want that on the wall by the stairway."

"But . . . but," sputtered the decorator.

"That's my decision," she announced and quietly unleashed a freeing sigh. When the wall was papered, the design that seemed so tiny in the sample had expanded into a riot of colors. "Did I do that?" squirmed June, looking at the eyesore.

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CHEEK to cheek dancing still makes Junie swoon—so what if June isn't always an angel.

JUNE ALLYSON continued



BUDDING ACTOR Ricky can make as good a face as Ma, should soon rival his father, whom he clearly resembles. Ricky is pushing four.

AWAY to explore "The Farm," their 58-acre Mandeville Canyon estate, go Junie, Ricky and sister Pam. (Right) Nice horsey breaks down.



Mischievous Junie has a lark playing with the kids; she doesn't spoil them, but every scolding ends in a hug

"Really, it's not half bad," mused Dick, "as long as you keep your sun-glasses on."

The paper stayed on the wall three months. Each time June went upstairs, it was there to remind her that, when it came to decorating, she'd make a good plumber. Eventually, it was re-papered and the event dissolved into a family joke.

Today, June is much wiser in her color schemes. Now, when she wears a smartly tailored black and tan suit, it starts a new fashion trend. Her favorite shade is pink, and she would have every room in the house painted that color if she had her way.

When she reported to Warners to star in "The McConnell Story," the studio had an oversized portable dressing-room waiting for her. It was pink—right down to the carpet—and boasted a built-in phonograph and telephone. The latter June shies away from. She hates to talk on the phone and her conversations have the same hurried frenzy as if she's rushing to catch a train. It's a different story, however, with the phonograph. Both June and Dick love music. An ideal evening at home is sitting before the stone fireplace in their living-room with a stack of records softly purring on the phonograph. At times like this, June prefers eating on trays before the sputtering fire.

Where June goes, there go the records. Even at the studio, a continuous hit parade of popular tunes announce she is at work. Many of her fellow-players share her penchant for record playing.

"I *have* to like music," she reasoned. "Everyone in the house plays an instrument except me. I just listen."

Dick, whose first professional band engagement was at Indianapolis where he jangled away on a banjo, can play most instruments. His favorite is the trumpet, and he practises occasionally "just to keep my lip."

June starts hunting for the earmuffs when she sees Richard reaching for the trumpet. "He's really quite good, but when you're doing needlepoint, a sudden blast of music makes the needle jump like a bucking steer."

Such music sessions don't create any hardship. After all, the Powell home is surrounded by 58 acres, which allows plenty of room to blow off steam or tootle on a trumpet.

"The Farm" is truly a good dubbing for the acreage, for it boasts everything from cows and lambs grazing on the hillside to dogs, cats and even turkeys.

"Once, I had the idea of raising turkeys," Dick mentioned, "but I hadn't reckoned with June."

He'd ordered a dozen turkeys, which the family immediately regarded as pets—not investments. When Richard casually brought up the topic of using a hatchet on the birds and putting their future in the deep freeze, June would have none of it. Now, the Powells have 30 turkeys which gobble away like a bopster chorus whenever any car drives up the long, winding private road to "The Farm."

RICHARD, who acts, directs, and produces, never becomes too absorbed to advise June on career matters. He reads scripts submitted to her, helps on business arrangements, and occasionally comes on the set to see his li'l woman. Friends agree Richard is June's greatest security. When rumors wildly fly about as they have a habit of doing, Dick shrugs them off. So does June. She knows she'd be lost without him. And he knows life would be much duller, less fun-loving, and boringly uncomplicated without June and her pixilated sense of humor.

The Powells attract friends like they were going out of style. There's always someone visiting at their home. And even when it's a quiet evening with the family, it's a crowd. There are June and Richard, their children, Pamela and Ricky,

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BIKES and bedtime stories keep the Powell sense of humor in top shape. Family "crises" always end up with a discussion over dinner.



A busy housewife and mom, June becomes a fine, dramatic actress at the studio

her college-age brother, Arthur, Dick's teenage daughter, Ellen, and the three servants.

A crisis in the household usually winds up in a discussion. After-dinner talk bounces from everything to should Ellen speak to the classmate who threw chalk at her in her math course to why Pammie shouldn't "liberate" mom's best perfumes to the revised starting date on the musical version of "It Happened One Night." June is to star in it, and producer Jerry Wald wants Powell to direct it.

When June studies a script, her favorite spot is the bedroom. She piles pillows behind her, places a plate of cookies on the night-stand, and munches while she memorizes.

Dick has taught her to look upon acting as a business. June agrees. When she has a difficult scene, she's untalkative and has the special pink-and-black screen Warners made her put before her dressing-room door. Alone, she concentrates on the dramatic scene, then walks out before the cameras and quietly turns on the tears that the sequence demands.

She seldom has an occasion for such a "rainmaker session"



ADVICE from a man who knows is prized highly by actress Junie. Dick has become a director at RKO, started Pamrick productions.



"THE McCONNELL STORY": This Warner film biography co-stars Alan Ladd and Junie as the great jet ace and his wife.



when she's home. Dick has a placid personality and a dry sense of humor. Recently, she was a little irritated with him. He'd been offered a starring role but turned it down in favor of directing and producing. Finally, he answered the barrage of "whys" with, "I'd rather direct than act. I'm tired of remembering to hold in my stomach."

NO one in the Powell household has to worry about calories. Occasionally Dick will drop by the RKO gym and decide he really should go on a diet. This isn't too easy to do with June around. She's a nibbler from the word go. A meal isn't a success in her estimation without two vegetables, potatoes, and gravy. Dick often kids that his petite missus is part cannibal.

But, when Dick kids too much, she'll gently point out that he's the one who spoils the children. For all of her Dresden appearance, June makes the youngsters toe the line. It's quite a sight to see her firmly send Ricky marching to his room when he turns the goldfish bowl over on the carpet. The



"Being together is just our nature. One starts a sentence, and the other will finish"



SHARED fun gives the Ladd home a feeling of relaxation. Above, Alan and David. Right, with Lonnie dining al fresco.

gay musical products of a disc jockey's afternoon turntable

The maid appeared and disappeared quietly and pleasantly and Sue herself brought forth chocolate brownies and a steaming jug of coffee. Little Alana burst in from school and proudly showed her mother her homework. Opulent though the English contemporary furnishings were, it was the kind of a lived-in house where you had to push a dog off a couch to sit down. There were children and grownups and dogs all over the place—and there wasn't a note of tension in all the bustling traffic. The thought struck me that in a very real sense this home held not one, but two sets of newlyweds. The quiet re-dedication of Alan and Sue Ladd to their marriage was not to be denied.

To begin with, Sue was downright radiant. I don't know when I've seen her lovelier.

"Will you excuse me?" Sue asked as I settled down to my brownies and coffee. "Alan has intestinal flu. The poor guy is as sick as a dog, and I want to look in on him. I feel so terrible. He got up last night and I didn't hear him. But he didn't want to wake me, so he put on a light and read a script."

Sue did not make a big thing of her solicitude, but it was there as real as life. Throughout the long, pleasant afternoon I spent chatting with her, she periodically took off to check on Alan's wants, and once when Alan felt the healthy pangs of hunger, Sue went to the kitchen, scrambled a few eggs for him, and brought them to him on a tray.

If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, Sue has the road all to herself. Life without Sue's cooking—as well as life without Sue—would be a nightmare of denial for Alan.

"I usually cook all night," Sue confessed, notwithstanding her ample retinue of household help, "because that's when Alan gets hungry—at night, not during the day. We get out of bed, and drag out the stools in the kitchen, and Alan kind of grins as he sits there and watches me prepare the food. It sort of tempts his appetite. During the day he has very uncomplicated tastes in food, but late at night he seems to have a yen for fancy omelettes, German pancakes that fluff up and roll, cheese souffles and that sort of thing."





U.S. AIR FORCE F-80C-10-LQ
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"THE McCONNELL STORY": In Warners' biography, Alan plays the title role of the heroic jet ace, who crashed on a test flight.

Most women would rebel at, and even flee to the divorce courts from a fate that took them from between warm bed covers in the middle of the night and deposited them over a hot stove instead. But Sue's words were not even faintly long suffering. They were the expression of a woman who treasured her nocturnal skillet drills as one of the warm idiosyncrasies of her marriage—one of the crazy things that were such fun to her and Alan, one of the little foibles that made them right for each other.

"I guess you'd like to know about the trouble," Sue offered with an understanding smile, thereby relieving both of us of the awkward necessity of verbal parrying and hemming and hawing. The trouble, of course, went back to the momentous day the inseparable Ladds had gone their separate ways—Sue with daughter Alana in tow to visit her Aunt Fanny in Las Vegas, while Alan stayed behind in Hollywood and played golf. It was just after Alan had finished "The McConnell Story," with June Allyson, at Warners, and Sue's trip to Las Vegas had precipitated an instant flood of dispatches that the Ladd marriage, which had sailed so long on a smooth, even course, suddenly had hit the rocks.

Sue's attitude about that unpleasantness was a healthy one

of looking the issue squarely in the eye. She took the refreshing position that it was just as bad to sweep it under the rug as it was to blow it up out of all proportion to its actual importance.

"There were some flareups, of course," Sue acknowledged matter-of-factly. "Sometimes people get too busy with other things. I got all enmeshed and too busy to do the things I'd always done.

"You see," she explained, her voice warm, "I always had lunch with Alan. I had lunch with him every day of our lives. This was the secret of our success. We had always done everything together. Then, before I knew it, I had become too busy—and I have only myself to blame for allowing it to happen.

"The essence of it," she smiled ironically, "was that I went to Las Vegas with Alana. I was there Friday, Saturday and Sunday. We came back Sunday night and joined Alan the next morning. But in our business, when you do a thing like that, there are rumors of discord immediately. Actually Alan and I separate so seldom that I guess for us to do this made it a big thing. There are other couples who are always going their separate ways, and nobody actually gives it a

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Susan Hayward-

FACT *and* FICTION

There are two sides to Susan, but only when you get to know her do you learn the truth about her

By JACK HOLLAND



SUSAN'S shyness is apparent as she chats with photographer Earl Leaf. She likes people, especially those with a sense of humor.

SUSAN HAYWARD is two people. There is the fictional side of the lady, the side that's magnified and emphasized by those who know little or nothing about her. And there is the real side—as seen by those who know her well.

There are all kinds of impressions the uninformed have about Susan Hayward, but perhaps none gets such a gleeful play as the old one: "Doesn't that reserve ever come down? She's always so formal, so business-like."

When Susan hears that, a broad smile crosses her face, her eyes do a twinkle, and she shrugs her shoulders.

"I'm not the 'darling' type, that's all," the star of "Soldier Of Fortune" said. "I'm not and never have been the hail-fellow-well-met type. On first meeting I don't usually shoot my bolt with anyone. It's like meeting an opponent on a football field. In business he measures the opposing player, eyes him, and the first thing he knows he's playing the game. But I'm *not* aloof and stand-offish.

"Formal? Who's kidding? Cold? Well, I have my warm moments. Reserved? There's a time and place for it."

Some people have said that Susan snubs you at times. "Why, you walk on the set and she doesn't even speak to you," one of her co-workers recently remarked. There is the funny payoff to that—and having known her for several years I know it to be true. Susan is near-sighted. She has a hard time recognizing *anyone* on a dimly-lit set. Besides, she must watch her step, for there are cables lying around on the floor. She's tripped over a few so she's pretty careful.

You may consider this a pat excuse, but it happens to be a fact.

Actually, Susan likes people—and she likes some of them impulsively from the beginning, even as you and I. However, she hasn't trusted her impulses too much because they have landed her in a few jams. She likes people with a humorous manner, those who are relaxed—because then she can in turn relax. She is shy to an extent—and this has made it difficult for her to know people. And, as she puts it, a lot depends on the mood she might be in.

"Sometimes I feel happy, outgoing," Susan went on, "and

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SUSAN HAYWARD continued



MARLON BRANDO, another star Hollywood doesn't dig, finds a sympathetic listener in Susan, who also has had her share of criticism.

Susan isn't the hail-fellow-well-met type but she isn't aloof either; actually, she's easy to get to know

sometimes I don't. No one is the same every day. Reactions are different. And, naturally, this affects those I meet.

"I've read where I'm too much on the defensive too. I am—if I have something to be on the defensive about. Criticism about my work, for instance, doesn't make me put my guard up—if it comes from people who know what they're talking about. I'll listen to anyone when he has good constructive criticism to offer. Don't forget that an actress takes criticism and help every day from her directors. She can't indulge in anything like a defensive attitude. It would interfere with her work.

"I am a friendly person—but I'm definitely not the goody-goody, pollyanna type."

SUSAN has a basic philosophy in her relationships with people. She has always tried to help those in trouble and is always aware of the basic dignity of a fellow human being—regardless of race, color, or creed. She has no biases or prejudices about people. She puts it very simply when she says, "I just try to do my share—and whenever I can, a little bit more."

Actually, Susan is a very easy person to get to know. Once she went to dinner at the house of someone she knew well. It was her first time there, though, and yet from the moment she walked in she was gay, carefree, relaxed. She enjoys food and she has a healthy appetite. In this case, the host was celebrated for his excellent cooking. After having generously sampled of his culinary artistry, she was rather uncomfortable so she went into the living room and nonchalantly lay down on the floor. This is not exactly the way an iceberg acts.

No one can know Susan unless he sees her in her own home—and around her children, Timothy and Gregory. You walk into her place and at the least provocation she'll sit down and play a number on her chord organ for you—or you will find her in the kitchen cooking up a snack for the boys or herself. There is no pretense in this house.

You hear that she is so career-minded that she has no time for anything but her work. Actually her life centers around her twin sons—and don't let anyone tell you differently.

"I try to be friends with my sons as well as their mother," Susan said honestly. "And friendship can only result from patience and understanding—and from working at it. My boys and I have a lot of fun together. We go to most of the football and baseball games, we love to go fishing, I attend most of their club meetings at school, and we have many long talks about anything and everything.

"I think if I have tried to instill any one thing in them it's a feeling of self-reliance. I help Timmy and Gregory to be aware of themselves as individuals, to think for themselves in all things—and especially about their home work. Naturally, I help them with their studies, but I will never do their work for them. If they ask me for the answer to an arithmetic problem, I won't give it to them. Instead, I'll encourage them to get it for themselves.

Susan also has a terribly sentimental side. "I always cry at sad movies," she admits unashamedly. "When I was seeing 'A Star Is Born,' I was trying so hard not to cry that the tears went down my throat and choked me. Then I started to cough so I left the theatre. I had to go back a few nights later and see it again. I can never see a parade without

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"SOLDIER OF FORTUNE": In her latest film, life takes on a new meaning for dejected Susan when she meets up with devil-may-care adventurer Clark Gable.

TEMPER? Susan admits she does blow off steam occasionally but denies that she's temperamental.



"Marriage is for squares"

By PAUL BENEDICT

**At the adventurous age
of 24, Tab Hunter finds life too
exciting to settle down**



TAB is fonder of lovely Lori Nelson than any other girl, but his admiration for her has not blinded him to the charms of other girls.

LOVE-HAPPY HOLLYWOOD simply takes it for granted that Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson are preacher bound. Not long ago while they were driving home from a party, Tab put his arm around Lori. His eyes sparkling mischievously, he said to her:

"The studio wants me to let them be the first to know when we get married. What do I tell them?"

Lori turned her playful blue peepers on Tab, burst out laughing, and cried:

"Tab, how can we possibly get married? I haven't gotten on my knees and proposed yet!"

And that's how it stands. As far as the sandy-haired erstwhile figure skater who vaults to full-fledged romantic stardom with his poignant lovemaking in "Battle Cry," Warners' CinemaScopic anthem to entertainment and the Marines is concerned, the idea of marriage is, and will continue to be, a laughing matter.

Tab laughs every time the proposition is broached, and his soft, boyish laughter brightened our luncheon at Warners' Green Room when I cornered him on the question of marriage, imminent or ultimate.

"Why should I get married?" he demanded incredulously. "I enjoy myself too much now!"

I started to point out that there was the small matter of Lori Nelson, the demure blonde belle with whom he has been turning up so constantly in the flesh and in gossip columns, but Tab pleasantly ordered an arrested breakfast of bacon and eggs, and expounded on his devotion to the institution of bachelorhood.

"What are the advantages of marriage?" he attacked the subject clinically. "People say the comforts of home and the charm of a wife. Well, they don't prove it to me. I have the comforts of my apartment right now, and when I want the company of a charming girl, I call up and make a date.

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TAB invites Lori to his apartment for dinner but, bachelor-like, eagerly turns over the food to her when she offers to prepare the meal.

A date with Lori is fun, but young Tab isn't marriage-minded yet

"I'm in no rush to get married," Tab made his position crystal clear. He looked pretty sharp, but not sharpie in his brown herring-bone tweed coat, tab collared shirt, blue knit tie, ice skate tie clip and clergyman gray slacks. "I've seen too many go on the rocks."

I was about to form the words Lori Nelson again when Tab shook his head in puzzlement and sighed:

"I don't know why everybody in this town wants to push you into getting married. And when you get married, they push you into divorce. They can't wait for you to get married, and they can't wait for you to split up. If they don't see you kiss your wife goodnight, they say there's a rift."

But how about Lori? I finally got it in. How would this emphatic declaration of independence sit with the sweet girl whose attentions—and affections—had been so thoroughly monopolized by Tab?

"**I** DON'T want to be rushed into marrying Lori," Tab said simply. It wasn't quite as blunt as it may seem in cold print, nor was it in any way intended as a rebuff to Lori. It merely was the honest statement of the application of Tab's philosophy of single blessedness to a specific young lady. Quite the contrary, Tab praised Lori to the skies as a friend—but not as a bride-to-be.

"I'm nuts about Lori," Tab told me sincerely. "Lori and I have talked about marriage a lot. But we've never discussed us getting married. We merely discussed marriage in general. We've discussed it in every possible way. She sees my point,

just like I see her point. Lori and I have a wonderful understanding and a wonderful relationship.

"What other girl," he challenged, "can you not see for months, and then go back and see her, and everything is fine? You know how it is. You get tied up in business. You forget to call and write, and yet she's so understanding. I've never met a girl like this. Most girls are possessive, you know. A possessive woman—ugh—this has got to go."

Since Lori was all things glowing to Tab, how did such an appraisal square with his unqualified marriage disclaimers? Tab obliged with a fat clue when he told me one of his main cautions.

"In the first place, I don't want to marry a girl in the business," he declared bluntly. "When a woman is concerned about her career, that's bad. Your job takes you to different places. A woman is smothered with attention at the studio. Everyone is catering to her—wardrobe, makeup, the works. She hears compliments all day long, 'Oh honey, you're the greatest!' And when she comes home, she's not the housewife—she's a movie queen!"

If that statement didn't appear to take Lori out of the marital running, it would do until a more emphatic one came along. But Tab scratched his chin and grinned boyishly as he tossed a joker on the table.

"Lori said if she were ready for marriage," he smiled cagily, "her career would come second. But she wants a career now. It's exciting to her, and she's not tied up in any way."

Among the many things he and Lori enjoy in common is a

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SALAD made by Lori looks so good Tab can hardly wait to taste it.

EVEN doing the dishes, Tab and Lori seem to go well together.



WITH everything under control in the kitchen, Tab and Lori take time out for a whirl around the music-filled living room.



SPAGHETTI is Tab's weakness and he digs in with abandon.

disinclination to toss over their freedom in exchange for honeymoon tickets.

Tab leaned forward intently, a forkful of scrambled eggs in mid-air, to make his point.

"I'm not going to say to Lori," he assured me with that soft-voiced earnestness which can melt an iceberg down to maternal instincts, "'Honey, I think you're the greatest. Don't go out with any other guy.' This is the bunk. I'm not going to tie myself to any girl, and I don't see why any girl should tie herself to me. I don't care if when I take her home, there's another car waiting to take her out. That's none of my business. There's plenty of time for that. You should see what other people are like first."

Having thus stated the platform on which he is running—away from marriage—Tab inadvertently brought into perspective his barrage of dates with lively, lovely brunette Pat Crowley. A lot of Hollywood observers had these shenanigans pegged as a case of the mouse-will-play-while-the-cat's-away.

Certainly Tab was anything but mousey about being seen with other girls while Lori was in New York chaperoning Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. Tab is perhaps fonder of Lori than any other girl he knows, but he is not fond of her to the exclusion of others. His admiration for Lori has not so blinded him that he's unable to see—or unwilling to proclaim for all to hear—the attributes of a pert chick like Pat Crowley or a budding flower of beauty like Margaret O'Brien.

There's no doubt that Tab is in love—but he's in love with freedom, with youth, with women in general and no girl in particular. He is caught in the first flush of success, and obviously he would feel trapped, rather than caught up, if

he were restricted, at this adventurous stage of his life, to the charm of just one girl, however captivating.

"Pat is wonderful," Tab enthused, his lean, friendly face warm with appreciation of her. And she's always so alive! Pat's got a lot of sparkle. You just walk in the front door, and she says, 'Hi, there. How are you?' and you just boom. It picks you up right then and there. If you were beat, you wouldn't be for long. You get on the same level with her. You snap out of it.

"She's also a very intelligent girl. She can talk good music, books, the latest plays, anything. She enjoys every minute of life, and I enjoy every minute with her. I've been out with Pat quite a few times," Tab owned up without the slightest compunction. "She's a fun date."

Tab has been so attentive to Pat recently that he not only has done photo layouts with her, but even was on the sidelines giving her moral support when she shot a pilot film for a TV series at the Hal Roach Studios in Culver City.

But just as Tab's fondness for Lori has not left him impervious to Pat's charms, his appreciation of Pat has not left him indifferent to other eligible Hollywood beauties—not the least of them former child star Margaret O'Brien.

"I took Margaret out on her 18th birthday," he smiled dreamily. "She's a lovely girl and beautiful. We had dinner, then I had to do a television thing for the studio, and afterward we had a bite to eat at the Vine Street Brown Derby. We sat in a booth and had ice cream. Isn't that crazy?"

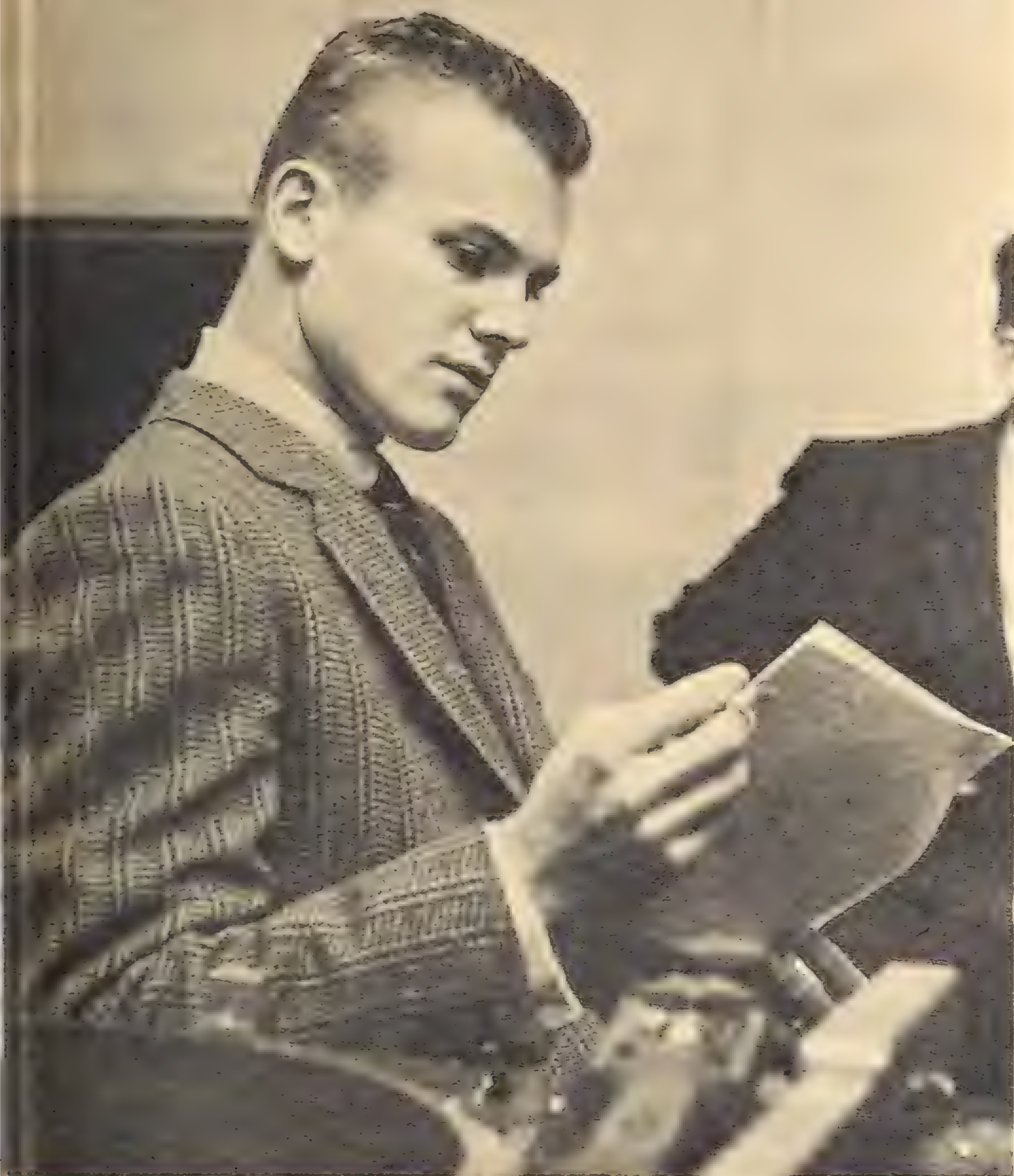
One of the beguiling things about Tab as he unabashedly enjoys bachelorhood to the full is that he is just as fond of his former girl friends as he is of his current flames. Even though

"BATTLE CRY": Tab vaults to full-fledged romantic stardom with his poignant love-making in this lusty saga of the Marines.

"THE SEA CHASE": In his latest film, Tab has another meaty role as a member of Capt. John Wayne's crew on a German freighter.



freedom means everything to Tab



SHARP but no sharpie, the six-foot Tab cuts a neat figure that appeals to femmes.



IT'S a bachelor's life for Tab until he's 30, or maybe 40, come heavenly dolls or high water.



his once frequent date, Marilyn Erskine, has taken the marital plunge, Tab still goes into raptures over her.

"There's no girl like Marilyn," he asserted. She's got the greatest sense of humor. I don't know anyone who can make me laugh the way she can."

When Marilyn saw Tab for the first time since her marriage, she chided him:

"You've been away so long. We just couldn't wait for you to come back from all your ventures."

Marilyn's words, uttered in jest, may well be prophetic. That may prove the epitaph on more than one Tab Hunter romance—"We just couldn't wait for you to come back from all your ventures."

As far as Tab is concerned, so be it!

"Love doesn't happen just like this," he snapped his long, tapering fingers to illustrate. "Love is the building together of two people. If one outgrows the other, that throws everything out of balance. You have to grow together all the time. This is something that's beautiful."

Right now, Tab is not in the market to grow together with anyone. He wants to blossom out in his own manhood before

he sinks roots in a common garden with any fair flower of womanhood.

"I'm not ready to settle down and have a family," he pointed out. "I'll be glad to get married when I feel ready to get married. I'd like to be able to give my wife a home, a car, security—which I can't give her now. Oh, I know a lot of other people have married and struggled together, and it's made them closer—or so they say—but I don't want that for me."

The question before the house, then, is when is Tab Hunter apt to get ready? He gave me his own estimate:

"I'm starting a trend," he laughed. "I'm not going to get married until I'm 30 or 40. You're still young, you know, at 30 or 40."

So Hollywood seems assured at least of one ranking bachelor who intends to remain eligible, come heavenly dolls or high water. When Tab Hunter takes the fling, he doesn't want to have to look back over his shoulder and wonder what he's missed.

In the end, it will be nice for his wife, too. She won't have to wonder, either.

END

JANE RUSSELL

Something for

**When jet-powered Jane
judged the March Air Force
Base beauty contest,
they sure had a heat wave**

BRIEFED by M/Sgt. T. Simons, Jane is thoughtful.
The 33rd Bomb Squadron is based in Riverside, Cal.



ALL EYES are trained on Jane, the star of the day, from Col. G. F. Fredericks to well-drilled airmen to beauty contestants.



the boys



COOL BAND is playing counterpoint to Jane's warm warbling of "I've Got A Crush On You." Every man is jealous of that mike.

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JANE continued



WISTFUL airman strikes a blue note; with Jane singing, he should soon cheer up. Plans to beautify the base are booming.



MOVIE queen and Col. Fredericks crown the new "Queen Of March Field," Barbara LaVerne. All money the boys raised goes to landscaping the field.

From the first song to the signing off, Jane is strictly wow

STAMPEDE for autographs follows the show. Jane's just back from starring in her own production of U.A.'s "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes."





BREATH of air refreshes Jane
the end of an evening well-spent.



**Filmland is fascinated
by the puzzle of Jimmy Dean;
will he become a new
formula for romantic TNT?**

JAMES DEAN:



LOVE for Pier Angeli proved one-sided. When she chose Vic Damone, Jimmy's mature acceptance of disappointment surprised his critics.

Excitement for the lovelorn?

By MARK DAYTON

THAT GUY'S A schmoe!" Debbie Reynolds cried aghast when she first laid vivacious and usually discerning peepers on Jimmy Dean, a brooding species of *Homo sapiens* who moved about with furtive, simian grace. "He doesn't have enough brains to act!"

Debbie's innocent outburst caused some dismay among her auditors, but her reaction to the unconventional young man who rode to the studio on a motorcycle and almost always walked around bareheaded in his black leather motorcycle jacket, blue jeans and black motorcycle boots, was neither a surprising nor an unusual one.

Jimmy Dean's physical appearance is not exactly calculated to make anyone sit up and take notice. As Lori Nelson's father succinctly described Jimmy for me, "He's no dude." Jimmy keeps his head burrowed into his chest and peers up at people through probing blue eyes. His shock of blond hair is no more pampered than the clothes he wears, and he walks in an almost perpetual slouch which doesn't even pretend to make the most of his wiry five feet ten inches. He constantly

seems to be in or about to retreat, and his manner commands great indifference. He comports himself with the unpracticed anonymity of a bump on a log.

Debbie wasn't the only Hollywood doll who failed to get the Dean message right off. He's been called spooky, an oddball, a non-conformist, sullen and withdrawn, a member of the dirty shirt school of acting, a crazy mixed-up kid, a working eccentric—and yes, a 14 karat, ball-bearing genius.

Some months after Debbie dubbed Dean a schmoe, she was invited to a special preview screening of Jimmy's maiden movie effort, a CinemaScopic milestone called "East Of Eden." Debbie came to scoff and remained to pray. She drifted out of the projection room in a sheer trance.

"He's the greatest!" she gasped, overcome with emotion by Dean's remarkable performance as the misunderstood, neurotic Cal. "I'd give anything to do a picture with him."

The same honesty which had led Debbie to write off Jimmy Dean at first glance impelled her to embrace him when she was exposed to the magic of the one-time farmboy's person-

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"EAST OF EDEN": As Cal, a misunderstood son, brooding Jimmy gives a bang-up performance, admits something of himself is in the role.

Paradoxical Jimmy is many things to many people; but all agree,

ality on the screen. Jimmy has inspired other, more opportunistic manifestations of that old Hollywood two-step—the right-about-face. Now that the word is out that Jimmy Dean is the most, the rat race for his favor is on. Tinseltown glamor girls who used to cut him off with a deep freeze are now busting their thermostats defrosting and proposing to throw parties for "poor Jimmy because he must be so lonely."

But the odds are that very few of the army of femme fatales on the Jimmy Dean kick have the foggiest notion of what manner of prey they hope to bring to bay. Jimmy is no garden variety male animal, and although the acclaim for his acting approaches unanimity, there seems little else about him on which even his closest friends are able to agree.

Dean already is a battle-scarred veteran of Hollywood's romantic wars, having emerged dazed and battered from his abortive romance with Pier Angeli. However, while Jimmy took no pains to conceal his disappointment in losing to Vic Damone, he did not bitterly swear off women, nor did he inveigh against Pier for exercising so dramatically the feminine prerogative of changing her mind. Instead of grouching, he went on living, and dating other girls in a rather remarkable display of maturity for one of such tender years, and one

whose maturity has been called into question by many who know and love him.

He dated a dazzling variety of filmland beauties, including Lori Nelson, Terry Moore, Columbia starlet Lillie Cardell, and Ella Logan. One minute, when Jimmy squired such fetching elders as Ella, the self-styled experts were knowingly letting it out that he had a weakness for older women. And when he dated pretty young charmers like Lori, the few who were aware of this quietly thriving friendship became convinced that he was a pushover for sweet young things.

If Jimmy were all the things those who know him believe him to be, he would be that strangest of paradoxes—his own opposite. He eludes pinpointing in a town that goes wild with frustration when it encounters a personality who defies pigeonholing. Even at his uncommonly rapid rate of progress, the full and final Jimmy Dean has yet to emerge.

Some cronies, in an effort to classify Jimmy's personality, freely acknowledge that he has much in common with Marlon Brando—not only in acting technique, but in psychological makeup. By the same token, others who know him equally well insist that such comparisons not only are odious, but unwarranted and scurrilous.

But whether or not there is any basis for the recurrent com-



SHAVING or making love to Julie Harris in "Eden," Jimmy acts with his characteristic intensity. He also works seriously at a variety of hobbies.

"His acting is the greatest!"

JIMMY garners tips from actor Timothy Carey. Often compared to Brando, he replies, "I feel within myself expressions just as valid."

parisons between him and Brando, Jimmy is irritated by them.

"I know I'm constantly reminding people of Brando," he conceded. "People were telling me I behaved like Brando before I knew who Brando was. I'm not disturbed by the comparisons, nor am I flattered. I have my own rebellions and I don't have to rely on Brando's. Of course, there are obvious resemblances. We're both from farms, we both dress as we please, ride motorcycles and work for Elia Kazan. But that's as far as it goes. I feel that within myself there are expressions just as valid or more valid, and I'll have a few years to develop my own style."

Many who have fallen under the not inconsiderable Dean spell are charmed, as were Lori Nelson's parents, by the fact that Jimmy still appears to be a farmboy at heart, and in spite of his astonishing variety of interests and the sophisticated Broadway circle in which he travels, seems to have preserved his affinity for the simple things in life.

Yet there was one pal, anxious for Dean to realize his full potential, who was impatient with the farmboy facade.

"Jimmy's left the farm," he said irritably. "He went to UCLA. He's been on Broadway. He's studied with Elia Kazan. He's not a farmer any more."

It will have to be left to Jimmy's admirers to fight their

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This Can't Be Bill Holden!



BILL and Brenda attend the premiere of his recent film, "The Country Girl."

Who'd suspect Hollywood's solid citizen is such an off-beat character?

By JAMES HAMMOND

IT WAS Saturday night, the "best" night in the week in Bill Holden's busy life. He could stay up late, which was exactly what he was doing. He could sleep in the morning, which was exactly part of the plan.

"What'll it be, folks?" inquired Bill, who was tending bar in the combination den and playroom.

Seated in a semi-circle on the opposite side of the highly-polished counter, the Ronald Reagans, the Billy Wilders, Eleanor Parker and Paul Clemens named their poison. In the meantime as Bill blended Scotch with soda and stirred martinis, he nodded his head toward a glass-covered dish surrounded by crackers.

"I got a wonderful buy on some imported *paté de foie gras*," said Bill quite casually. "I'd like to know what you think of it. Help yourselves."

While everyone sampled the tempting delicacy, Bill continued to dispense beverages. Out of the corner of his eye, however, he was watching the entire procedure in the mirror in back of his bar.

"It's unusually good *paté*, don't you think?" Bill solicited. Had his favorite friends paid closer attention, they might have detected an over-anxious note in his voice.

Very good, in fact quite excellent, Bill's guests chorused. It had such a distinctive flavor, it was most palatable and quite unlike any *paté* they had ever tasted before. Could Bill order some of same for them too? They just had to have it for their own domestic consumption.

"I'm awfully glad you like it," Bill deadpanned, "you see, it *isn't* imported *paté de foie gras* at all—it's imported *rattlesnake meat*!"

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the unwary and whose earthiness once made a producer blush

This bit of buffoonery revealed a contrasting side to Bill that's completely unrelated to the conservative, serious-thinking William Holden they publicize to the teeth.

Of course Bill is forthright, idealistic and civic-minded—when the occasion calls for it. Otherwise he'd hardly attend five committee meetings on as many nights during the week. Neither would he work for \$40 a month serving the city government on the Board of Recreation Park Commissioners, or take those trips to Korea and Greenland to entertain our Armed Forces stationed there.

TO REALLY know Bill is to be well aware that there's a humorous, provocative, tempestuous streak in his makeup. It's startling if you're unprepared for it—and so ingratiating once you've been exposed! Bill's quite an earthy guy too, one who locks horns with reality and leaves little doubt that a spade should definitely be called a spade. Take that time, for example, when Bill tried to get a certain off-beat role that would have been the turning point in his career—*then*. He looked like the character, his studio owned the story, but the part still went to an outside actor. So Bill went directly to the producer and wanted to know *why*? For a solid hour the fanciest kind of double talk flowed from the front office.

"Okay," said Bill at the end of the boring discourse, "we've had all the hooey (only he *didn't* say hooey!) and it wouldn't even make good fertilizer on a bed of cactus. Now let's have the TRUTH!"

"Well, you see it's this way," the red-faced producer tried to save himself, "you're an excellent actor, Bill, and I have complete confidence in you. But this particular role requires great sex-appeal and I don't think you have it."

"So how would *you* know if I have sex-appeal!" Bill came back at him. "What do you want me to do? Maybe I should—!"

Discretion forestalls completing our account of the suggestion Bill made to the producer! Then the following morning these same two happened to meet again on the lot. Now that Bill had unburdened the well-known chest, he'd dismissed the incident from his mind.

In Hollywood, the unexpected has always been the expected in Bill Holden's book. And the whole truth is, it's the ironical twists of fate that secretly amuse him and give him his kicks out of life. Five years after the producer incident, Bill was cast in "Sabrina," because, the studio informed him—"the role requires an actor who can look like and play a *super-sexy*, devil-may-care son of an industrial tycoon!"

BILL relished the role for several reasons, among them the opportunity to work with Humphrey Bogart. It all went well enough for the first couple of weeks and then the inimitable Mr. Bogart displayed a bit of temperament. One particular day there was considerable lapse of memory when Bogie tried to read his lines. On the other hand, Bill was not only letter perfect, he finished his scenes early and was dismissed for the day.

"How do you expect me to remember my lines when Holden stands over there lighting cigarettes and shifting from foot to foot. It's very distracting," Bogie snapped.

Among the many things Bill's learned during his 16 years in Hollywood is diplomacy and how to get the best results without resorting to violence. So he quietly put out his cigarette and apologized in front of everyone.

"I'm very sorry I'm disturbing you, Bogie," said Bill. "I didn't realize I was doing it."



CASUAL and expansive in his dressing room, Bill thinks business requires greater formality. (Below) The tie is for a studio portrait.



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GRIM emotions of a man about to face death in the sky over Korea are reflected by Bill's expressions in a scene from "Bridges At Toko-Ri."

As serious as he can be on screen, Bill is always ready for a laugh

After a few more takes Bogie finally got through the scene. Then Bill with his dry, off-beat humor, slyly added:

"And now if you'll excuse me, I'll finish emptying the waste baskets!"

Despite a lengthy list of pictures to his credit, until Bill Holden made "Sunset Boulevard" he could go everywhere and remain unrecognized. Under the same circumstances some actors might have dissolved in their own tears, but the situation was highly amusing to Bill and by his own admission, if the truth must be faced, not too flattering!

HOWEVER, since such startling success in "Sabrina," "Country Girl" and "Bridges At Toko-Ri," Bill Holden in the flesh is just about as inconspicuous as a Marilyn Monroe calendar. So look what happened to Bill recently when he didn't work for eight consecutive months and loved every moment of it.

"One Thursday our help was off and we were having the kitchen painted," laughs Bill, "so I went down to Toluca Lake Village to bring back some hamburgers for Ardis and the children. While I was waiting, a woman in another car kept staring at me.

"After excusing herself, the woman asked if I had ever considered going into pictures! At first I thought it was a rib but she was dead serious. So I explained I had given it thought quite often, but why was she interested? Because, she said, I looked enough like Alan Ladd to be his double and she was sure if I wrote to Alan and enclosed a picture, I could get a job as his stand-in!"

When he resumed professional activity again, Bill reported to Twentieth Century-Fox for "A Many Splendored Thing." On location in Hong Kong a unique situation emanated from his hotel headquarters. The first morning as Bill stood before

the bathroom mirror brushing his teeth, he heard smothered hysterical giggles. It was an inside bathroom and the one and only window, which faced the hotel corridor, was covered with unmovable slats. Bill finally managed to bend one back enough to look out.

"So help me," grins Bill, "there pressed up so close I could feel them breathing, were 30 or 40 people! Now I'm grateful for fans and I know an actor must forfeit reasonable rights of privacy. However, there are little moments in life when one must be alone and THIS was one of them!

"So I called the management who couldn't have been sorrier or more concerned. There was just one teeny-weeny little technicality, however. In Hong Kong, a hotel corridor is considered public property and people have a right to be there. The management had no authority to call the police unless they were disturbing the peace.

"During my salad days I had a pretty good temper, but with experience and maturity I've learned to save it for special occasions. As I was the 'inside' man on this occasion—it seemed VERY special to me! No I'm not exactly sure what I said, but I'm positive they must have heard me out in the lobby. In less time than it takes to tell—the corridor was clear again!"

Whenever Bill works with a new director, or makes a new friend, the association invariably leads to the same observation. Before they really got to know him, they say, they didn't realize he was such an expansive person with so many fascinating facets. Most actors *try* to make the entire world think of them as colorful, dynamic personalities. But the general impression Bill gave was just the opposite and it didn't seem to bother him. *Why?* Bill's so used to the question, his face automatically breaks into a wide grin as he answers: "I guess it's just the 'Garbo' in me!" **END**



KIM NOVAK:

"I was an ugly duckling!"

Once this beauty was "so miserable, it hurts even to remember"



By DENNIS JAMES

Star of TV's "On Your Account"



EVERY 'teen-ager suffering from shyness and an inferiority complex—and adults are prone to forget what an agonizing burden of adolescence this is—should take heart from the story of Kim Novak.

It seems incredible that this 22-year-old blonde beauty with her slumberous green eyes, whistle-bait figure and come-hither voice only a few short years ago suffered from such an overwhelming inferiority complex that she was shy, diffident and even belligerent because she felt she was too different and rejected!

Says honest and earnest Kim, "It *hurts* to relive those days in memory, even now, because I was so miserable!"

And the young woman on whose account Kim is grateful is Norma Kasell, who made Kim overcome her complex by inducing her to help others.

Don't dismiss Kim's former problem as "trivial." True, others have suffered real poverty, privation, physical handicaps. Also true that a large percentage of adolescents go through a phase of shyness during which they feel they are unwanted. But Kim's case was so acute, she was so convinced that she was a hopeless misfit because she was "tall, skinny and gawky" and hated her naturally deep speaking voice, that her mother was finally led to seek outside help for the girl.

Kim was born in Chicago and grew up there. Her father, Joseph Novak, was and still is an office employee of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad and with his steady job the Novaks lived comfortably, if not lavishly, even through the Depression. Her mother, Blanch, was a history teacher before her marriage. Kim's parents are American, but all four of her grandparents were born in Czechoslovakia.

Her maternal grandparents lived upstairs in the two-family house where Kim grew up. That grandmother made all

LUSCIOUS Kim's height began shooting up at ten until she felt "tall, skinny and gawky."

the clothes for Kim and her sister Arlene, 2½ years older. Kim now appreciates the beautiful hand tailoring and fine detail that her grandmother put in those clothes, but at that time she didn't like them because they were "different." When skirts were being worn very short, the Novak girls wore theirs at a conservative longer length, at Grandma's insistence. And kids don't like to be different; their herd instinct is too strong.

But these were minor worries as compared with Kim's sudden growth. When she was about 10 she started sprouting like a bamboo shoot. For a few years after that she was taller than anyone in her class, always had to stand in the back row. The boys thought she was "too tall" and ignored her at parties.

"At school, the boys would do anything to help the little helpless girls, but if I did anything out of line, they'd snitch on me," she recalls. "And they teased me because I was tall and my voice was so low-pitched. I hated it.

"Most kids in my class lived much closer to the school than I did, so I was left out of playing with them. I had to go home when they were all together. They weren't really excluding me but at the time I thought they were.

"And instead of trying to win them to my side I became belligerent and withdrew within myself."

Kim was miserable. Even her school-work suffered. Nothing that her sister, mother or grandmother said or did seemed to snap her out of her doldrums. Finally her mother took her to the Fair Teen Club, which later became the Calling All Girls Club, sponsored by a Chicago department store. Among its activities for 'teen-age girls were fashion shows. The director was Norma Kasell, a petite blonde with big blue eyes, then only about 21 but with a wonderful faculty for guiding 'teen-age girls.

"Norma seemed to sense immediately that I desperately needed confidence. When she interviewed me—all prospective members were interviewed—I admitted I was six months younger than the required age but I begged to become a member and she let me in. Although she was young and vital and fun, she had wonderful dignity. In no time at all she became my idol and I'd tell myself, 'If only I can grow up to look and be like Norma,'" relates Kim with real deep affection.

Because she recognized Kim's feeling of alone-ness, Norma immediately put her to work, which of course was the smartest thing to do. "See that girl over in the corner? Let's get after her a little," she told Kim. And presently Kim was making a new friend and forgetting herself in trying to help someone else.

After a while Norma made Kim an unofficial assistant, helping with filing and other details, but the great distinction to Kim was the fact that she was given a key to The Office. At that time it seemed as important as a key to the White House!

Meantime, Norma also started Kim modeling in fashion shows. Fortunately, Kim's mother had encouraged her daughter to maintain fine posture; unlike so many girls who grow too fast, Kim had not slumped to hide her height. Her splendid carriage, her height and her youthful beauty—although she was convinced she was an ugly duckling—made her a perfect 'teen-age model.

After seeing several of the fashion shows, another department store executive asked Norma, "Why don't you put Kim in some of those lovely formals? She's the prettiest girl in the club!"

"Everyone knows that *except* Kim," Norma replied. "Besides, she doesn't need fancy clothes; she looks great in the severest sports things or even jeans."



CO-STAR billing with Guy Madison goes to once-shy Kim in "Five Against The House."

Norma advised Kim on make-up, hair styling, clothes. Eventually the young girl won a modeling contest which gave her a professional modeling course. Norma saw to it that Kim passed on her training and knowledge to other club members. And Kim, on her own, tried to help some of her friends who were not members of the club.

"It was the responsibility to help others that Norma passed on to me which gave me confidence," Kim reiterates. "In school I used to long to help grade papers, as other pupils did. Just once a teacher asked me to help; I really learned a lot and I wanted to continue, but I was never asked again. I was crushed. So it seemed all the more wonderful to me when Norma asked me to help her."

So through four years' work with Norma, Kim came out of her shell, began to enjoy people and friendships. She became a professional model, was signed for movies by Columbia and won co-star billing in her third picture, "Five Against The House," with Guy Madison—a remarkable record.

And she has not forgotten Norma. They're now close friends. Norma, married and the mother of three small children, lives in Los Angeles and she and Kim see each other frequently.

"Norma did just as much for hundreds of other girls as she did for me. I was no special case. She has so much to give—and gives it! I feel sure that when her children are a little older and don't need all her attention she'll start working with other girls again. She just *must* help people. She's a wonderful person. I'll always be grateful to her." Kim concludes with genuine warmth and affection. **END**

See Dennis James daily on "On Your Account," CBS-TV, 4:30 PM EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble.



BLONDE, green-eyed Kim became a teen model before she could believe she was beautiful.

CELIA thinks her Daddy's a laugh. Jan's childhood was spent in poverty.



JAN MURRAY:

He never had it so good

BY FLORENCE EPSTEIN

**Absorbed in his work and family, Jan can forget
the lean years before he got to the top**

ANY MAN who puts as much heart in his work as Jan Murray does is lucky he's alive. And, of course, it is lucky that Jan is alive. If he isn't the funniest man in the world, he is certainly one of the most likeable men in the world.

He's a man who could probably tear your heart out with stories of a poor childhood in New York, a mother who was bedridden when he was a kid, an only brother who was shot down during the War when he was a pilot, a life of bobbing around on the Borscht Circuit, of one-night stands, of fears he'd never make the big strike, but he isn't that kind of talker.

But if he doesn't sob up the past, he remembers it. And there's pride in his

voice when he mentions the ambition of his oldest son, who's going on thirteen. "I don't think he's interested in show business," he says. "Ever since he was three he said he wanted to be a doctor. So who knows, maybe he will be a doctor."

Jan Murray is a man so involved in the present, so wrapped up in his work and family he doesn't have time to brood about anything else.

"One thing my ulcer taught me," he says. "If I don't have my health, I have nothing. I'm not a businessman who can sit back and let the profits come in. If I don't show up Friday, I don't get paid."

So he shows up—for "Dollar A Second," the zany, increasingly popular quiz show, part of which he owns and all of which he emcees on ABC-TV every Friday night. A little later that same night he "lays dead" in his dressing room while a strapping physical culturist pounds his (Murray's) long, lean torso into shape for another bout with the TV camera—a show called, "Jan Murray's Revue," (Channel 4) which is likely to run anywhere from no minutes to a full half hour, according to how fast the principals in a boxing match preceding Jan Murray time knock themselves or each other out.

"DOLLAR A Second" is much easier to see than explain; also much more fun. As Murray says, "The contestants on this show don't have to be funny because the show is funny—so anyone can play. All a contestant has to have is a healthy physique and if you're a married woman you don't even need that; all you need is a husband to take the penalties when you make a wrong answer. And the questions are usually no threat to your I.Q. On a recent show, a lady contestant was confronted with a stack of dishes. "Every time I say something complimentary about you, kiss me on the cheek," Murray told her. "But if I say something insulting, take one of those dishes and smash it." Then he started talking—so fast he was lucky she didn't lose her head and whack him on the jaw with a piece of china. Meanwhile this lady was earning a dollar for every second she was on stage.

But whatever is good for the show is good for Jan, who's driven by the impulse to keep everybody happy. And that's a serious business to which he devotes all his time. Ever since he became aware of his ulcer, discovered after he collapsed of "complete fatigue" last December, he's curtailed a lot of his former activities. Like one-night club and benefit dates all over the country. These were offered to him with such frequent regularity that half the time he didn't remember where he was going till he was on the plane.

Mondays, Jan prepares the Revue for which he hires a variety of celebrated entertainers. That's easy. The hard job is working all that entertainment into a show and then being told, "The fights ran twenty minutes over tonight; there's only

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WIFE Toni, an ex-Copa showgirl, is busy with their three kids, while Jan works on his show.

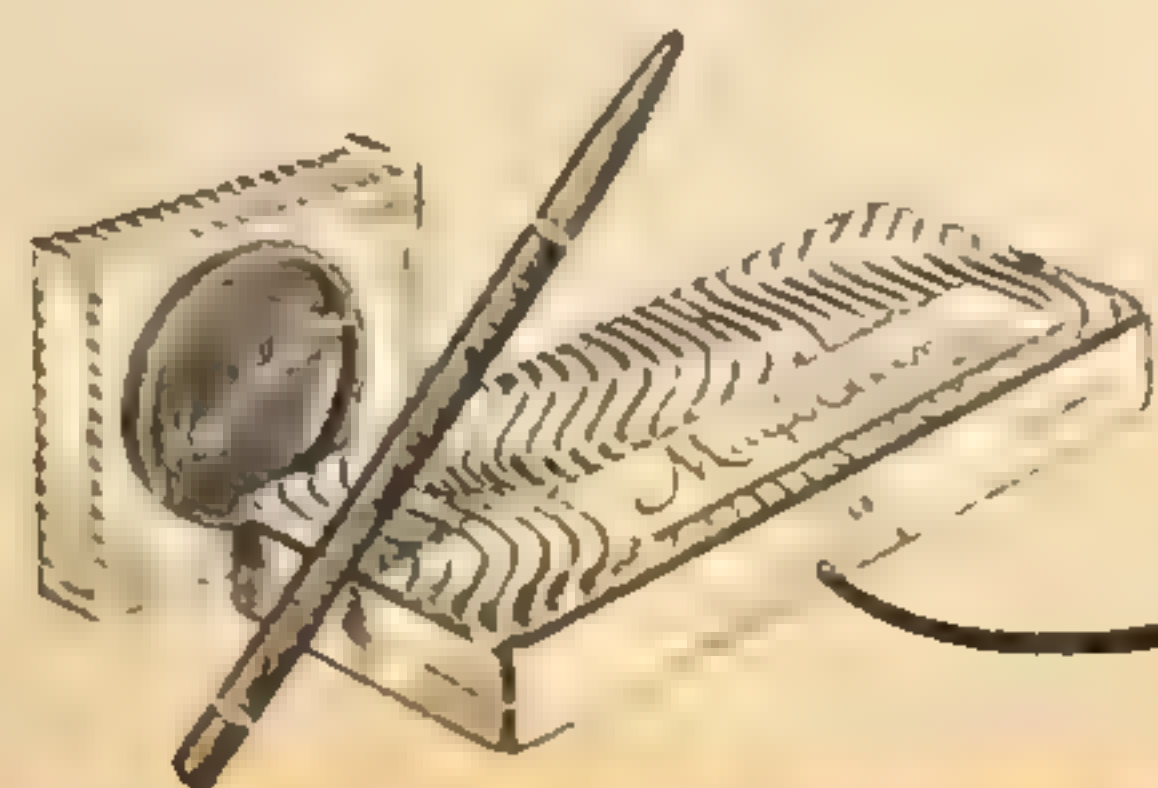


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ten minutes left for the Revue." And right on the spot Jan has to figure what he's going to do in those ten minutes.

Tuesday he prepares "Dollar A Second." Since he was the guy to whom ABC executives handed the show in bald form, he's the guy who worries when the gimmicks don't seem fresh enough or complicated enough or original enough. "But now," he says, "I have a staff working with me who know what I want so well they could do it all without me." Which is a statement the staff would be likely to question. Even though the show is smoothly wacky, its main charm is the Murray personality holding it all together.

Wednesday's for correspondence, odds and ends of business, interview time. Thursday he rehearses the Revue. Friday both shows go on. Somewhere in between all this he tucks in three singing lessons.

"Saturday I'd like to lay dead," he says. "But I can't even do that. I have a guilty conscience about sleeping late on week-ends. I feel I should get up and take

out the kids. So one kid wants to dig sand in the playground; another kid wants to play catch. They all want to do something else."

Jan's been married five years to a lovely blonde named Toni, who was once publicized as the Copacabana's "most beautiful showgirl." Nowadays, the people who see her most are their children, Celia, Howard, and Diane. Jan's older boy, from a previous marriage, spends most week-ends with them in their Long Island home, a home Jan decorated himself in the record time of four weeks.

"No comedian ever got on top without the help of other comedians, even when those other comedians knew they were cutting their own throats," he says.

And he remembers the time when he was a kid of twenty playing one of his first big dates in Miami. He was dying on his feet, but not without a struggle. After the last show he got a note from Al Jolson who wanted to see him.

"I asked you to come see me because I think you've got it," Jolson told him. "Work yourself to death, but keep at it. No comedian ever improved by sitting

around in a hotel room. What if you have to take a cut of a few bucks? Don't worry about your pride; or figure you're ruining your potential. If you've really got it you'll get there, and they'll have to pay you. I tell you this because I want to save you from learning that the hard way, like I did."

Jan took that advice to heart, wore himself out in burlesque shows for sixty dollars a week, took offers that didn't look so hot but kept him busy, kept his name before the public. (A habit which made him an easy catch later when he was a name and everybody wanted him.)

And there was the time in Boston when a club owner wanted to buy out Jan's engagement. A man came up to the owner and said, "This boy is great. I hear you've got him booked for a week. Tell you what. Keep him for two weeks, and if he isn't a sensation I'll pay his second week's salary." Jan stayed thirty weeks, because George Jessel stuck out his neck for him.

Seven years after he met Jolson, Jan hit the big-time—at the Copa in Miami. Only trouble was the Ritz Brothers were playing across the street. They heard

WEEK-ENDS in his Long Island home, Jan has time for the kids, or coffee and a kiss from Toni. After years of one-night stands, this is living





JAN tests a joke on son Howard. His zany humor sparks ABC-TV's "Dollar A Second."

about Jan and one night, fifteen minutes after their own show, they came bursting into the Copa and stayed to ad lib for an hour. They came back four straight nights before they said, "You're on your own, kid." By that time, Murray was popular enough to do without them.

And there was the time Milton Berle, who was starring in the "Ziegfeld Follies," came into the Martinique night club at two-thirty A.M. because he heard that Jan's late show was playing to empty tables. He'd never met Murray, but figured a little heckling would do some good.

"We're all in the business," he told Jan. "Who can help a comedian except another comedian?"

Naturally, they helped, but none of their boosts could have lifted him off the pavement if Jan Murray didn't have the stuff. His big break, which eventually led to television, came when Eddie Davis picked Jan as his replacement at Leon and Eddie's. This led to guest spots on radio shows and, in 1947, to Broadway, where he co-starred with Vivienne Segal in "Music In My Heart."

When TV was an infant Jan was there to help it grow; he stayed to appear as guest on variety shows and finally to emcee shows of his own. When you ask him about his future he knows where it is—it's in television, the greatest thing that happened to him.

One night on TV and more people get to know you than if you spend ten years touring the country. One night—Friday night at 9 (DST) on ABC—is the night to get to know Jan Murray. **END**



"The Lies They Tell About MARILYN MONROE!"

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Susan Hayward—Fact and Fiction

continued from page 41

crying. Weddings always make me dissolve—and an unexpected kindness sometimes fractures me. I am deeply affected by things that are given to me, too. People from all over the country have sent me many kinds of religious medals. I keep them in my bedroom in a definite place where I can always see them. It's an expression of their goodness to a stranger. One of my most prized possessions is a rosary my boys made me. While I'm not Catholic, it touched me quite deeply. They made the beads from the tin foil they had saved from their packages of chewing gum and the cross was made of cardboard.

"I like mood music too—and that's pure sentiment. I play my records all the time at the studio. It soothes the savage beast in Hayward. Besides, I work better with music going. I have records on almost constantly when I'm home.

"Yet, at the same time I have a definite temper. I blow off steam but not without a definite reason—in personal relationships or in my career. I have had moments when I have lost my temper with the boys—and when they have blown at me. I think it's important for them to know that people get angry sometimes, and that getting it out in the open does ease pressure.

"But me temperamental? You'd better ask any director of any picture I've made if I'm temperamental. I try never to be late on the set, know my lines, and never keep anyone waiting. Oh, I've had arguments about a story or about a scene and will stick to my point unless I'm convinced my ideas are wrong. But a certain amount of temperament is necessary in this business. All performers have to have it if they're to express themselves strongly. But I don't mean temperament as pictured in Hollywood. I've seen highly excited actors and actresses, but I've never seen one who is falsely temperamental—who shirked his responsibilities.

"I can remember doing the 'walking off the set' routine just once—and that was when I was at Paramount in the early stages of my career. The director kept riding me. Nothing I did was right. One day he got particularly nasty and I blew. I said to him, 'You can take the rest of your picture and throw it in the ash can.' I then went to Buddy DeSylva's office—he was the producer—and said, 'I won't go back on that set until that man apologizes.' Mr. DeSylva called the director to his office—and he apologized. I haven't had to do that since."

There has been much discussion in gossip circles about Susan's being money-mad, a person who would sacrifice almost anything to further her financial status and her career. The facts are otherwise.

"How do I feel about money?" Susan asked. "Well, I have both had it and been without it so I know what it's like on both sides. Money is nice if you have it, but it's far from being all there is. And no human being, and that includes me, can allow such a fluctuating commodity to rule his life.

"As for the emphasis I am supposed to put on my career, I think I put it in its proper place. Naturally, I like my work. It's wonderful. And it's fun. It's a great way to make a living. I have always known, though, that it is not the most important thing in my life. I said recently, somewhat facetiously at the time, that I might work a couple of years more and then quit, get married, and have more children. I'm not at all sure I didn't mean that.

"If I should ever stop working, I think you'd find me living on a ranch. I'm the outdoor type. I like to ride horseback, and I love animals—except cows. I'm frightened to death of them. Maybe it's their eyes—the way they look at you! You never know what they might do. They always seem to be planning a way to chase and attack. Often I've had to cross a field to get to a stream to fish and I've invariably run into a stray cow. I shudder just thinking about it. That and the dentist's drill are my main fears."

The other main topic about Susan is her alleged aversion to another marriage.

This has crept into more than a few papers. While Susan won't make any pat comments about the kind of man she may marry, and while she is in no hurry to take the step, she is definitely going to take it some day.

"I doubt, though, that I'll ever marry a man in the motion picture field," Susan said, "and there I go making a pat statement. But this isn't a business conducive to great emotional stability. It's also highly demanding, especially for a man. Then, socially, in this town you're more or less with one group all the time and while it's a lovely group of brilliant, talented people, it's difficult to live with them constantly.

"As for the kind of man I'll marry, the qualities I want—when I meet him I'll tell you."

Susan is happy now. Her life seems serene—and one of the main reasons is the faith that guides her life. She believes simply that we're all heading up the same road and that a belief and a trust in God is the only key to a full life.

Such is the real side of Susan, but her maid, Cleo, pin-points the Hayward girl quite well. Cleo has often been asked by people when she's gone shopping what Susan is like. Most believe that stars aren't human beings. Cleo has said sincerely, "When she walks in the front door she's a mother and a real fine lady. Sometimes she washes the dishes and even scrubs the floor. She acts just—well, human, I guess, like anybody else."

That's the pitch—she is perfectly normal. Star dust may glitter in her hair but it doesn't get in her eyes so much that she can't see the world around her. **END**



NO ONE can possibly know Susan unless they see her with her sons, Timothy and Gregory.

Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 12

husband John Wayne to sell his plane and give up flying! . . . Richard Todd vehemently denies rumors of trouble with wife Kitty.

NEW TWOS—Lots of eyebrows went up when Greg Peck and Jane Wyman went to a couple of parties together—but don't make any bets that this is a romance. . . . Same situation on those much-publicized dates of Liberace and Sonja Henie. . . . In the Younger Set, Marla English and Larry Pennell have been having many coosome dates. They're both under contract at Paramount, where their romance started, and now they're also working together—this hadn't happened on their home lot—on loan-out in "Hell's Horizons". . . . Another attractive young couple, Barry Coe and Marjorie Hellen. Although both are at 20th, they're *not* working together, so their dates don't fall in the "publicity" category.

NO ROMANCE—Despite printed rumors, Piper Laurie says she and G. David Schine have no marriage plans. . . . When a columnist printed that Joan Crawford was in love again, Joan told your reporter, "I'd like to know who it is!" . . . Sheree North also says her romances are "exclusively in print," and adds, "I even bought my own mink coat" . . . When Gene Tierney arrived here for "The Left Hand Of God," she said she expected no dates in Hollywood because her beaux are "all in New York." Aly Khan was not in New York when she made that statement; he was in Brazil.

ROMANTIC—It looks like a serious romance between Cleo Moore and singer Tony Travis. But they're separated so often by their respective personal appearance tours that they've agreed to "understand" each other's dates with other guys and dolls—and ignore column items about same. . . . Paul Gilbert, following his comedy hit in "So This Is Paris" with another U-I pic, "The Second Greatest Sex," and also readying a new TV series for NBC, nevertheless finds time for lotsa dates with cute blonde dancer-comedienne Barri Chase. . . . Mari Blanchard, whose hair is now orange-red, has been dividing her date time between dance Fuller and Don Barry. . . . Denise Marcel has resumed with Steve Cochran. . . . Diana Lynn and Andy McLaglen will wed "when it's legally possible" . . . Clark Gable and Kay Williams have many dates but The King's theme song continues to be "Don't Fence Me In"—even though he's just had his Encino ranch re-fenced!

END



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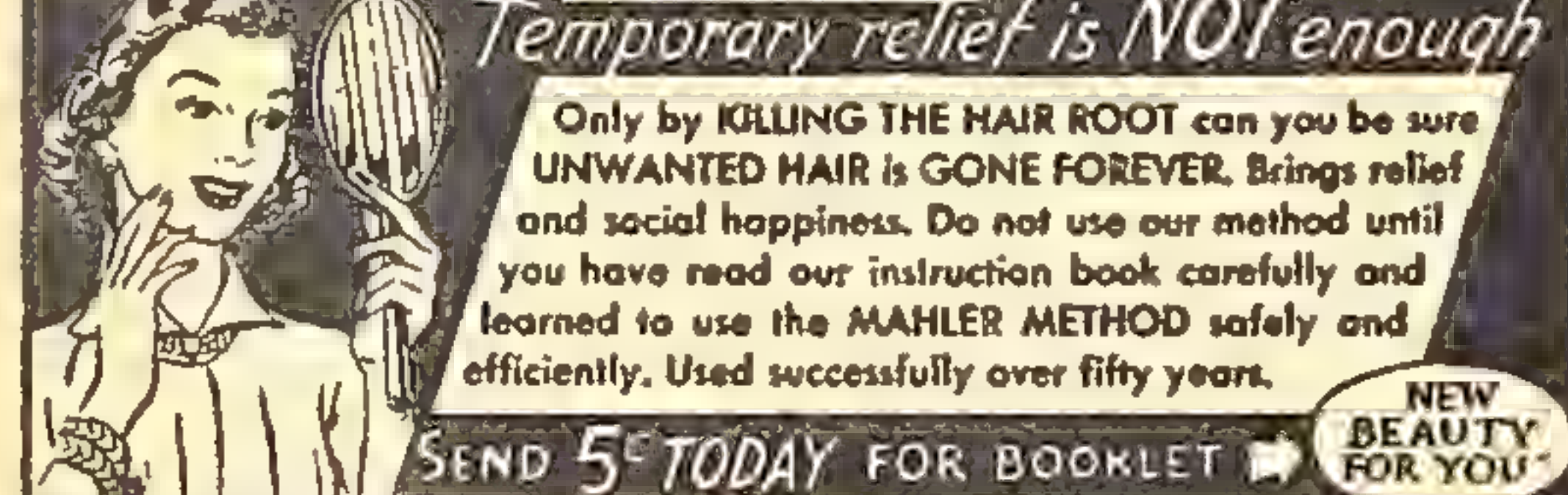
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Excitement For The Lovelorn?

continued from page 55

tug-of-war over that old saw that you can take the boy out of the farm but you can't take the farm out of the boy.

As if acting were not a demanding enough taskmaster, Jimmy was studying direction at Elia Kazan's Actors Studio in New York up to the very day he had to report back to Hollywood to start work on his second Warner opus, "Rebel Without A Cause," and after that, "Giant." The fact that he reads five or six books at a time, and runs from one to the other, is the tipoff to his strange drives.

Not content to bone up on acting and directing with Kazan, Jimmy is studying dancing with Katherine Dunham and composition with Leonard Roseman, who scored "East Of Eden." He collects guns and records and plays chess. He plays the bongo drums (and owns same), the piano and a flute-like instrument called the recorder.

And although he wears glasses when he is not before the cameras, he also is a whopping outdoor man. This is merely suggested by his means of transportation—his new French motorcycle "for me," and his new Porsche car "for my dates." It comes into full focus with his enthusiasm for shooting, sailing, fencing, gymnastics, boxing, tennis, horseback riding and bull fighting.

In many ways, indeed, is brother Dean unusual. None of the girls he has gone out with considers him a wolf. He dated glamor doll Terry Moore a number of times, took her to premieres and showed up in blue jeans for dinner with Terry and her folks at her home in Malibu. Terry confided to friends that she found Jimmy very intelligent, but she reported that he was very much of a gentleman and not aggressive romantically.

"If he was around Terry at all," one

pal of Terry's assured me, "he'd have to have a sense of humor."

While people generally find Jimmy shy and unpretentious, there also have been dissenting minority reports.

"His conversation is brilliant," I was informed by one objective member of the Jimmy Dean fan club, "but a little studied. He has in back of his mind, 'I am Jimmy Dean, the genius, and I must impress these people.' He seems to make a self-conscious effort to shock or jolt people."

This criticism would seem to stem from Jimmy's sometimes disconcerting habit of saying just what he thinks when he thinks it to the person of whom he thinks it. While wooing Pier Angeli, he didn't do his cause any good by bluntly telling Pier's mother to mind her own business. On the other hand, his frank manner won him an advocate in Lori Nelson's father.

As an intrigued Hollywood works excitedly at filling in Jimmy Dean's portrait, the inconsequential pros and cons of his personality are lost in the overriding fact that his charm is so unique that both the love confession set and the Theatre Arts set are in a race to take him to their bosom. He stimulates the intellectual and excites the lovelorn. He conjures up a haunting image of a lonely, rejected boy, and he has a manner which would make a lizard want to mother him.

While the petty quarrels rage as to what is the real Jimmy Dean, the big judgment that has shaped up without a dissenting voice is that this young lad is marked for greatness.

Whether he also is marked for happiness is another question.

Unlike the proverbial cleavage between East and West, there are times when the twain do meet. After all, Hollywood is the land of the happy ending. **END**



TENSE scene in "East Of Eden." Not content with acting alone, Jimmy is studying directing.

let's look at ● the RECORDS



By HOWARD MILLER

VICTOR is atwitter—and with reason—about singer **Jaye P. Morgan**, especially her "Danger! Heartbreak Ahead" and "That's All I Want From You." At this rate, Jaye P. will be richer than John D. . . . **Peter Lind Hayes** and wife **Mary Healy** debut on a Columbia label with "Could Be I Love You" and "The Year We Fell In Love." Smooth singing, plus deft and daft imitations. . . . Atlantic's **Ruth Brown** and her **Rhythmakers** know their way round an R and B tune, prove it with "Ever Since My Baby's Been Gone" and "Bye Bye Young Men." Latter has a neat comic twist. . . . Movie star in the groove—**Debbie Reynolds** sings "Never Mind The Noise In The Market" and "Carolina In The Morning" per MGM. Calypso and nostalgia, respectively. . . . **Jeff Chandler**, another studio slave, who is breaking into the disc field, returns with "My Prayer" and "When Spring Comes" by way of Decca. . . . **Rosemary Clooney** still another doubling in records and movies. The new Columbia-Clooney is "Where Will The Dimple Be" and "Brahms Lullaby." The dimple, by the way, will be on her baby son.

Julius LaRosa has a happy duo in "Pass It On" and "Let's Stay Home Tonight." Cute rhythm number and a strong ballad (Cadence). . . . **David Whitfield**, English tenor who guested on Ed Sullivan's TV show, has made "Open Your Heart" and "Beyond The Stars" for London. The superb **Mantovani** orchestra co-stars. . . . "Door Of Dreams" and "Nobody" are the latest **Perry Como** at Victor—they're a return to the Como balladeering style PC fans cry for. . . . Famed for their "No More," the **DeJohn Sisters** have written and performed a pair that would aid and abet them. The pair: "O'Ya Hear What I Say" and "A Present For Bob" (Epic). . . . From Detroit a few cry-style, belonging to **Frank Castro**. As comfortable as a convertible,

Castro warbles "Say Something" and "Why Don't You Fall In Love With Me" via Mercury.

Archie Bleyer and his boys at Cadence have found the formula for sock instrumental backing for a neat voice—that of **Mary Del**. Proof? "Leave My Heart" and "Nobody Asked Me To Go." . . . MGM shows its satisfaction with **Joni James** by backing her with a fine orchestra for "This Is My Confession," and adding the **Ray Charles Singers** for flip "How Important Can It Be."

She's not as highly touted by London as are some of their other singers, but you may agree that Australia's **Kathy Lloyd** is another Dorothy Shay. See for yourself with "It Worries Me" and "Tomorrow Night" . . . Besides Castro, Detroit has also provided a blonde named **Bunny Paul**. A looker who also writes songs, she does "Please Have Mercy" and "These Are The Things We'll Share" for Capitol. . . . From the 20th Century-Fox film, "The Racers," **Peggy Lee** has chosen "I Belong To You" for her newest Decca. Flip is, "How Bitter, My Sweet," both are love-Lee. . . . "Cloud Number 7" is the **Tony Bennett** LP album for Columbia. It offers a dozen fine standards à la warm-Bennett. . . . "X" Label is X-cited about **Richard Maltby's** "Begin The Beguine March" and "Six Flat Unfurnished." The double-Maltby treatment for a variation of the Cole Porter *Beguine* semi-classic. . . . In case you've forgotten, there are two **Liberaces**, and the one named **George** conducts his orchestra through "Stars And Stripes Forever" and "Madelena" (Columbia). George is the one who, in the story, helps his brother lug all the money to the bank! **END**

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The Troubled Days Are Over

continued from page 37

thought. Some couples live that way, and it works very well."

But Sue was not about to suggest that absentee marriage was her cup of tea.

"We find actually," she said softly, "that we're better off doing everything together. Alan is just wonderful about including me in everything. He has never gone on location or anywhere else, or done anything that he hasn't wanted me to be with him, and made me feel that he really wanted me around, or I wouldn't have gone along.

"Alan and I have been so close," Sue pointed out, "that when the time came when I had to give other things so much attention, our relationship subtly began to suffer. Of course, the happiest people in the world have an occasional spat, and we're no exceptions, but it doesn't mean anything. You wouldn't be human if you didn't disagree once in a while."

But since strife makes juicier conversation and more lurid headlines than bliss, the real story, the actually big story involving the Alan Ladds has been overlooked in the evident disappointment of the town's trigger-happy crepe hangers. That is the story of their second honeymoon!

Far from an uneasy truce, Sue and Alan's kiss-and-makeup literally has taken on all the dimensions of a brand new marriage. Soon after Sue returned from Las Vegas, Alan suggested—and Sue jubilantly seconded the motion—that what they needed was not a vacation from each other, but a vacation together, a vacation from all their tensions, a vacation from business, and even a vacation from the children. Just the two of them, alone—together.

They took off on a 30-day hideaway to rustic, remote Rancho Sante Fe, inland from Del Mar, the same idyllic retreat where they had spent their joyous first honeymoon in Bing Crosby's cabin.

"Some friends let us stay at their house in Rancho Santa Fe," she said dreamily. "It was a guest house on a big estate, a rustic log cabin furnished early American just like our ranch, with a big beautiful driveway surrounded by trees and full of the scent of oranges and flowers, two big picture windows overlooking a valley choked with trees, and a wonderful, beautiful big fireplace so enormous you could almost walk in it. We loved the peace and quiet and the beautiful sunsets. Even the coyotes howling at night might have been romantic, I suppose, but I could live nicely without them."

From every point of view their second honeymoon was just what the doctor ordered, or would have ordered had he been consulted. There was only one mishap.

One morning Alan ran a fever and showed Sue a bump behind his ear. Two hours later he was ill with chicken-pox.

"Not a very romantic disease for a honeymoon, is it, dear?" he said to Sue, who laughed as she recalled the siege.

But Sue and Alan were determined not to let a little anachronism like chicken-pox interfere with their second honeymoon.

"Alan stayed in bed a couple of days," Sue said, "but it worked out fine, because I was so tired after the wedding that I stayed in bed and slept for three days myself. It really wasn't bad at all. We had a television set in the bedroom, and Alan now claims that he discovered television down there."

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In their determination not to let the world of Hollywood close in on them, Alan and Sue told everyone they had no phone at Rancho Santa Fe. Actually they did, but the only purpose for which they used it was their daily calls home to check on the children. Aside from that, and aside from the fact that Sue cooked all the meals, they lived the lazy, luxuriant life of vagabonds.

"Being together is just our nature," she sighed. "A friend once said talking to the Ladds is like watching a tennis ball. One will start a sentence and the other will finish. They've been together so long they both know exactly what each one is thinking."

Evidently this is true even when Sue and Alan are not in the same room. For suddenly Sue got up again and said, "I have to look in on Alan. Would you pardon me?"

I don't know how things are at your house, but at Casa Ladd, love is better than ever. **END**

Coming Attractions

continued from page 8

Cagney becomes her self-appointed manager-agent. An ex-dancehall hostess, Doris turns down musician Cameron Mitchell and permits Cagney to strong-arm a way for her via speakeasies to a featured spot in one of the "Ziegfeld Follies." The payment Cagney expects for his efforts is too steep for his protegee. She holds him off with promises, but eventually the floodgates break. In a hotel room scene, unsurpassed for raw lust, Cagney takes what he feels is due him. The fact that he marries Doris soon after does nothing to restore her morale. Tied to a man she clearly loathes, her career means nothing to her . . . in fact, it stands for everything ugly and cheap. After several years of this low-gearred existence, Doris again meets Mitchell. It isn't long before their past romance takes a firm grip on the two. About to divorce Cagney, Doris finds she still isn't finished paying off. This time, Cagney, in an insane fit of jealousy, shoots Mitchell. Sticking fairly close to fact, this picture takes no refuge in making up pretty excuses for anyone's actions. Real cheers are in order for Miss Etting, her ex-husband, and her present husband, Myrl Alderman, for having the courage to allow their story to be told with such startling frankness. (MGM.)

Daddy Long Legs

ON an economic mission to France for the State Department, Fred Astaire, scion to the Pendleton fortunes, adopts a French orphan. She's a winsome thing, *continued on page 74*

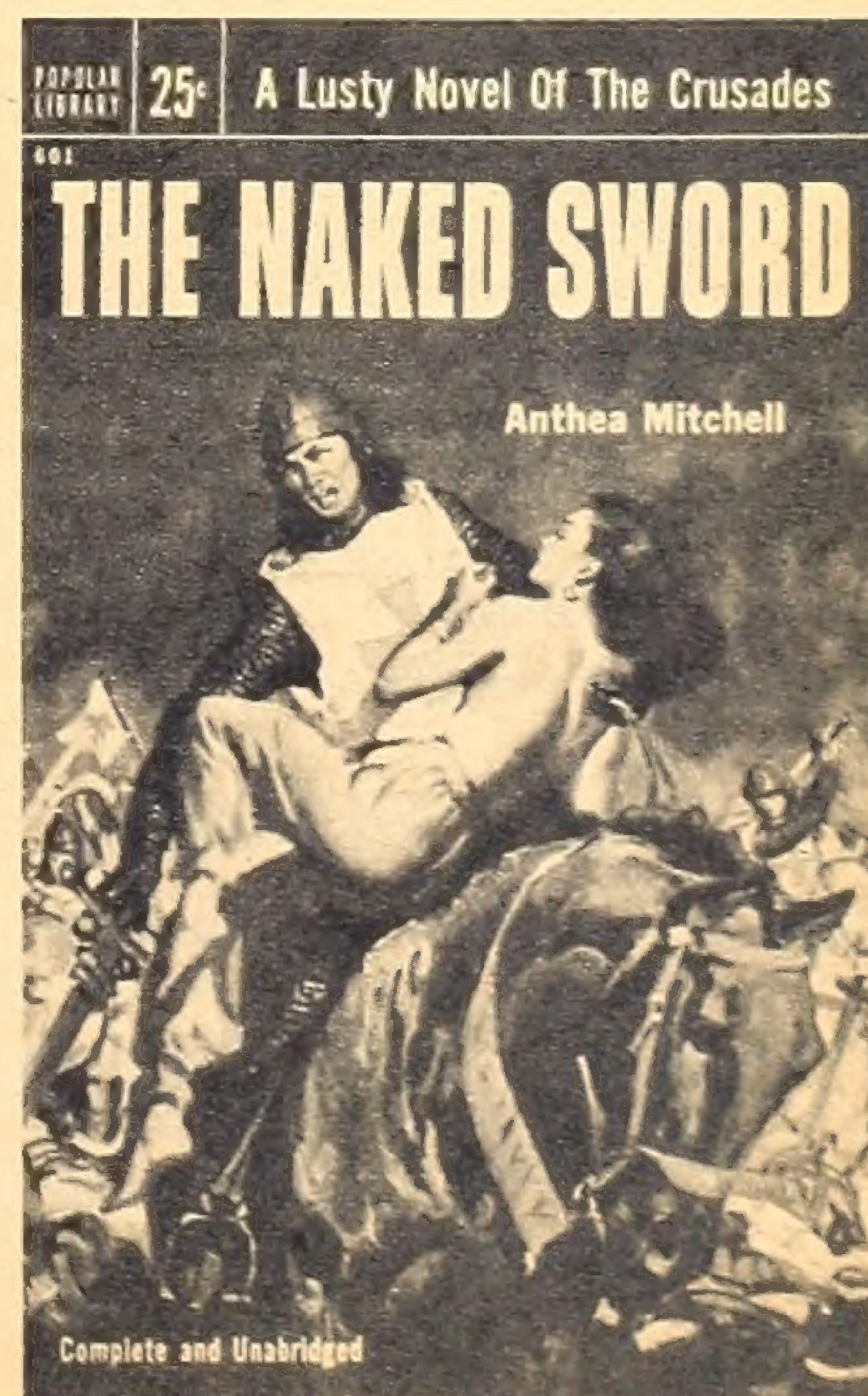
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Coming Attractions

continued from page 73

bright-eyed, intelligent and all of 18—that's years, buster, not months. However, Astaire's ideas are more philanthropic than philandering. He merely wants the girl, Leslie Caron, to have more out of life than being a drudge on a farm. And so it is that Leslie is sent to one of the finer finishing schools in the States, not knowing who her kindly benefactor is. A few years pass and Leslie develops into quite an attractive young lady. She writes regularly to Mr. Kindly Benefactor telling him of her progress, while secretly she goes through mental gymnastics wondering who he is and what he looks like. Then one day, she meets roommate Terry Moore's uncle. Lovelight dawns! Let it be said for Unc, he's more than willing to cement American-French relationships but, alas, there's one hitch. The State Department takes a dim view of the romance because Unc, Mr. Kindly Benefactor and Astaire are one person. According to protocol, you just don't adopt foreign girl-orphans, wait a bit until they ripen, then marry them. A delightful Technicolor musical comedy treat as bouncy and catchy as the *Sluefoot*, the new dance sensation Astaire introduces. (20th Century-Fox.)

Five Against The House

WHAT starts out as a college students' prank winds up in one of the most fantastic crimes dreamed up by any author. Learning that it would be impossible to hold up one of Reno's biggest gambling spots, Kerwin Mathews spends the better part of one college semester convincing roommates Brian Keith and Alby Moore there's no such word as "can't." Moore, who'll do anything for a gag, plays along. Keith, however, isn't playing—he's dead serious. The other members of this Rover-Boy troupe are Guy Madison and his doll, Kim Novak. They don't want any part of the hold-up, but since Keith emphasizes his point with a gun, who are they to become indignant? Entertaining enough, but gee whiz, any ten-year-old could find at least three reasons why this so-called "fool-proof" plan would be the biggest mess in crime history. (Columbia.)

Escape To Burma

WHEN a Burmese prince is found shot in the back, the search, led by David Farrar, is on for old jungle hand Robert Ryan. His road to escape leads Ryan to the isolated teak plantation owned by iron-willed Barbara Stanwyck. Hunting tigers and having a mutual fondness for elephants brings them closer together (things happen differently in Burma, that's all). This tender interlude

is ended when Farrar arrives to take Ryan back where he'll stand trial for murder. Ryan escapes, with Farrar and Barbara hard on his heels. They finally catch up with Ryan, and Barbara convinces him he stands a chance of proving his innocence in court. Events don't work out quite as she planned. A band of jungle robbers pounces on the trio, and if it weren't for some fast work on Ryan's part, Farrar would be dead and Barbara kicking around a bandit hideout as a rainy day diversion. That chilling episode in the background, a new hazard presents itself when the dead prince's father orders his guards to bring in Ryan. There's no telling what horrors would have been inflicted upon Ryan had not Barbara arrived in the nick of time with a long-delayed letter from the prince to his father (even the postal system in Burma is different, too). The letter explains everything. There'll be no suspicion, no trial, just Barbara and the elephants. (RKO.)

The End Of The Affair

WHEN English novelist Graham Greene isn't writing about foreign intrigue, he's preoccupied with the effect religion has upon various people. This emotional drama falls into the latter category. Swept into a wartime love affair, writer Van Johnson and Deborah Kerr, wife of British Ministry Civil Servant Peter Cushing, find illicit love is not a free proposition. Jealous and suspicious, Johnson suffers countless agonies for every furtively snatched moment of happi-

ness they experience. Though she tries in every way to reassure him, the blackness of doubt remains between them. One evening while Deborah is in Johnson's flat, a German V-2 rocket explodes in front of the building. She finds her lover lying in the rubble pinned beneath a heavy door. Thinking him dead, Deborah falls to her knees and prays his life be spared. If it is, she promises never to see him again. Johnson lives, but is completely ignorant as to why Deborah left him. From then on, the two embark on desperate searches—Johnson to find ways he can vent his bitterness on the woman he thought unfaithful, and Deborah seeking justification why she should break her promise to God. A difficult picture to put on film, this sometimes suffers for want of clearer explanation. (Columbia.)

The Man From Bitter Ridge

TO further his political aims, lawyer John Dehner is the brains behind a series of robberies that have been putting the local stagecoach company in the red. A thorough person, Dehner also sows seeds of suspicion against the sheepherders, a clannish group led by Stephen McNally. None of this talk, however, can convince Lex Barker, special investigator for the stagecoach company, that Dehner is innocent. He gets McNally to help him track down the one man who can point the finger of guilt to Dehner. Grateful though he is for McNally's assistance, Barker has no qualms about playing it cozy with the sheepherder's fiancée, Mara Corday. For a while there it's difficult to decide who wants Barker out of the Technicolor picture more—McNally or Dehner. A good western. (Universal-International.) **END**



ILLICIT wartime romance engulfs Deborah Kerr and Van Johnson in "End Of The Affair."

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